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Swinging on a swing,  
Leaving room beside  
her,  
Waiting for the ring—  
Who would dare to  
chide her?

Up along the lane—  
Oh, the sight en-  
trancing!  
Comes the promised  
swain—  
His eyes expectant  
glancing!

Waiting.



THE Vesper bell was ringing, and from the convent a long line of silent, white-robed Sisters were wending their way through the cloisters to the Abbey Church, to take their places in the choir. The organ pealed forth its solemn tones, a few worshippers from the farms around straggled in. The service began, but the Lady Abbess was for once absent from her stall.

She sat in the convent parlour, in close conversation with the Lord Bishop of Wartenheim, patron and benefactor of the Abbey, and renowned through the Fatherland for his warlike and irascible disposition.

The Lady Abbess was old and ugly, but never did she look older or uglier than on this particular afternoon, as she sat in the full glare of the setting sun.

"She is a saucy jade!" she hissed through her clenched teeth, "and were it not for her large fortune, I would quickly drive her from the convent walls."

"But thou wilt soon reduce her to obedience when she has taken the veil," returned the Bishop, slyly, "and that she must be forced to do with all speed. It were a thousand pities, Mother, to let this money slip through

our hands, and surely thou wilt not let thyself be baffled by a mere girl!"

"She will never take the veil, of that I feel certain," snapped the Abbess.

"She must, and shall!" cried the Bishop, wrathfully banging his fist on the table until the window panes rattled again. "I will see her grandfather the Burgomaster, without delay; and put it to him that Elizabeth, being an orphan, and possessing great wealth, is likely at any moment to become the prey of a fortune-hunter. Indeed I shrewdly suspect that she has already engaged herself to that penniless young adventuring knight, Wolfgang Von Hartstein!"

"Ha! I did not know of this," interrupted the Abbess with a frown.

"I am almost sure of it," continued the Bishop, "and I will further say to the Burgomaster that for the salvation of Elizabeth's soul it would be as well for her to take the vows in this convent, while her fortune could not be in safer keeping than in that of Mother Church!"

"I trust thou mayst succeed," said the reverend lady sourly. "But Elizabeth is not easy to manage, the minx!"

"Well, well, let us hope she will soon change for the better!" replied the Bishop hastily, in order to avoid another

outburst; "and now for my second mission to Wartenheim."

He hitched his chair nearer to that of the Abbess, and looked round over his shoulder to see that the door was closed.

"The Priory Church contains a relic of Saint Boniface," he remarked in a whisper.

The Lady Abbess said nothing, but she fixed her eyes on him attentively, and leaned forward to hear better.

"Now, why should the Priory possess that sacred relic?" said the Bishop, "when by rights it should belong to the more important church, the Abbey; in other words, Mother, the relic ought to be here."

He paused, but the Abbess still said nothing; she was watching him eagerly.

"Think of the enormous difference it would make to us," cried the prelate, "think of the pilgrims that would flock to the shrine; of the offerings they would leave, and the consequent increase in our revenues. Why, Mother, the benefits are incalculable!"

"We must have it," said the Abbess in a low, concentrated tone. "But how dost thou propose to gain access to the shrine, since it is guarded day and night by a monk secreted in the watching-chamber?"

The Bishop crossed his legs with a complacent smile.

"I have thought of that," he replied, "and devised a plan which must succeed.

After I have seen our worthy friend the Burgomaster, I shall proceed to the reverend Prior, Father Gregory, and make known to him my intention of keeping a vigil to-morrow from midnight to dawn before the relic in the Priory Church. Now, as thou doubtless knowest, Mother, it is not etiquette for anyone to be on guard while the Bishop



"I trust thou mayst succeed," said the reverend lady sourly.

keeps his watch there, so that I shall be able to make good use of my opportunity."

"'Tis a bold scheme and worthy of success," said the Abbess, rising as she spoke. "But thou must be an hungered, my lord Bishop, after thy ride hither. Will it please thee to accompany me to the Refectory, where I have caused a meal to be spread for thee?"

"With pleasure, reverend Mother," replied his lordship of Wartenheim, following her nothing loath, "for since thou dost mention it, I feel within me an

The pair had scarcely quitted the parlour, when the door of a large linen press which stood in one corner opened cautiously, and a young girl stepped out noiselessly. She was small and slender, with quantities of flaxen hair, and a pair of very pretty blue eyes, which at the present moment were shining with anger.

"So!" she muttered, stamping her foot. "Ye couple of holy hypocrites! I and my fortune are to be sacrificed to the selfish greed of that sour-faced old Abbess and her grasping colleague! They think to force me to take the veil, do they? Well, I will outwit them both. The Prior shall hear of this ere another hour has passed, and then we shall see who will get the sacred relic. But how to get out of the convent? 'Twill be no easy task, and I must exercise my ingenuity — Ha! I have it."

Elizabeth gave vent to a little laugh, as a brilliant idea crossed her mind, and,

running from the room, she gained the convent gate. The plump and rosy-faced old portress was indulging in a little nap, and when Elizabeth aroused her, started up bewildered.



She poured into her lover's willing ear the whole of the conversation.

empty void that would seem to demand a fat capon or a round of beef to satisfy its cravings, with a draught of rich red wine to bear me up for the coming contest."

"Quick, Sister, quick!" cried the girl, "the Lady Abbess needs thee, and has bidden me take thy place whilst thou art gone. Run, run, Sister, it is of vital importance. Here, give me thy keys, lest anyone should come."

The portress, still dazed with sleep, hastily detached the bunch of keys that hung at her girdle, and then hurried towards the convent. Left alone, Elizabeth proceeded to try which key fitted the gate, and happening by a lucky chance to hit upon the right one first, quickly let herself out into the road, and ran with all speed towards the town. The sun had by this time sunk below the horizon, so that there was little likelihood of her being seen; indeed, she met no one until she had nearly reached the end of the high road, when suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs behind her made her start aside in an agony of fear.

"Elizabeth! Can this be possible!" exclaimed a familiar voice.

With a cry of joy she ran towards the horseman.

"Wolfgang! Is it thou? Ah! I feared 'twas that hateful Abbess!"

"It would seem that thou hast escaped from the dame's clutches," laughed the knight, as he dismounted and kissed his ladye-love. "But this high road is no place for thee at this hour, Elizabeth, and it is lucky that I happened to spy thee, thou little witch!"

"I have good reason for being here, Wolfgang," replied the girl breathlessly. "A plot so dastardly has been hatched by the Abbess and the Bishop of Warthenheim, that it will fairly startle thee with its audacity. Listen, and tell me if thou hast ever heard the like."

Panting with indignation, she poured into her lover's willing ear the whole of the conversation she had overheard in the convent parlour. He looked very grave as she finished, and agreed with her that the best thing to be done was to seek the Prior without delay.

Accordingly he threw his horse's reins over his arm, and, with Elizabeth by his side, took the way towards the Priory. It was about two miles distant from the Abbey, situated on the river bank at the

other end of the town, and standing in the midst of rich meadow lands and cornfields.

The lovers walked quickly, skirting the edge of the town to avoid meeting anyone, and in an incredibly short time the walls of the Priory loomed before them in the dusk.

They reached the gate, and mounting the steps, rang loudly, the tones of the bell echoing with startling effect through the quiet cloisters. There was a long pause, then the pattering of bare feet was heard on the stone flags, the portal was flung wide, and a monk, holding a lantern high above his head, demanded in accents of surprise:

"Who rings at this hour, and so imperatively?"

"Danger threatens the holy relic," cried Wolfgang, baring his head. "I pray thee, Father, give us entrance, for we bear ill news."

The monk hesitated on seeing Elizabeth, but Wolfgang did not wait for a refusal, leading in first his sweetheart, then his charger, tethering the latter close to the gate. Then he bade the monk lead them to the Prior.

"The brethren are at their evening meal," observed the religious, as he ushered the visitors into the small bare guest room. "If ye will wait here, I will apprise the Prior of your coming!"

He departed in the direction of the refectory, but Elizabeth had no intention of being left behind, and promptly followed, in spite of her lover's remonstrances, bidding him come too if he feared to stay there alone. Wolfgang shrugged his shoulders, and stifling a laugh, accompanied her down the long stone corridor. The monk was trotting ahead, quite unconscious of their proximity, and, reaching the refectory door, he pushed it opened and entered, followed by the lovers.

They found themselves in a lofty, oak-roofed hall, on either side of which ran long tables and benches, filled with silent monks eating with downcast eyes, while the Prior and chapter occupied a separate table on a raised dais at the upper end. One of the brothers was



reading aloud from some book of devotion, the monotonous tones of his voice reminding Elizabeth vaguely of a bee humming drowsily among the flowers on a hot summer's day.

The monk who had admitted them, advanced to the high table, and began to inform the Prior of the arrival of the two young people, when, to his terror, his superior arose, and, pointing beyond him, cried with a frown:

"Why hast thou brought this girl hither? 'Tis against all our rules, as thou well knowest!"

The unfortunate brother turned round aghast, and stared at Elizabeth in

speechless horror, but she took no notice of him, and, rushing forward, flung herself on her knees beside the Prior.

"Forgive me, Father, but I could not wait," she entreated, kissing his hand humbly. "Dost thou not remember me? I am the daughter of thine old friend, Adelbert Von Neudeck, and I and Wolfgang are come on a mission of the gravest import."

"Aye, of course, I recollect thee now, little Elizabeth," replied the Prior. "Thy face recalls thy poor father, but who is this Wolfgang?"

Elizabeth glanced round shyly at her lover, and coloured a little.

"Oh! Father, Wolfgang—that is—I mean the Count Von Hartstein, he is—I—"

"I understand," said the Prior gravely, with a twinkle in his shrewd grey eyes, "but your mission, children. I would know what brings you hither? Come with me to my study, and there ye can speak undisturbed."

He rose, and, leading the way through the hall, past the lines of wondering monks, he conducted his guests into a room overlooking the river.

He seated himself in a great, carved, high-backed chair, and signing to the couple to approach, waited for them to speak.

"It hath come to our ears, Father," began the knight, "that the Lord Bishop of Wartenheim has it in his mind to seize the precious relic from the shrine of St. Boniface."

The Prior started.

"Can this be true?" he ejaculated.

"Aye, 'tis true enough, Father," broke in Elizabeth, "for I overheard him discussing his plan with



Something lay cold and heavy as lead closed upon his wrist.

Mother Veronica, the Abbess of St. Mary's."

"To-morrow he will visit thy Priory," continued Wolfgang, "and announce his intention of keeping a vigil in the church between the hours of midnight and dawn. He then, knowing well that all watchers must leave the church as he enters it, will profit by the occasion to possess himself of the holy relic."

The Prior sprang to his feet with a cry of anger.

"Ah! the traitor, he would take us at a disadvantage; we shall be forced to leave our sacred treasure unguarded and will lose it beyond all hope of recovery. By the holy saints, if I dared I would close our doors against this marauding prelate, but, alas! he is too strong, and were I to act thus, he would pour upon us such an army as would raze our well-beloved Priory to the ground."

He paused, overcome with emotion, and hid his face in his hands. The young people stood by in silence, not venturing to speak, until Wolfgang, plucking up courage, touched the old man gently on the arm.

"Father," he said softly, "lend me thine ear a moment, for I think I have a plan by which this wicked plot may be defeated, and the relic saved!"

The Prior raised his head, and a gleam of hope shot into his eyes.

"What is thy plan, my son? Let me hear it, perchance it may help us."

The knight approached, and, bending down, spoke at some length in a low tone, the Prior listening meanwhile with growing satisfaction.

Elizabeth, who had also drawn near, put in a word now and then with a gleeful laugh, ending by dancing joyously round the room.

"Thou hast thought well, my son," said the Prior as Wolfgang concluded, "and if we succeed, thou shalt not go unrewarded. But now, children, ye must depart, for it grows late. Elizabeth, what will the Abbess say when she discovers thy departure?"

"I care not what she says," answered the girl with a pout, "I shall not return there."

"Then thou must go to thy grandfather," said Wolfgang firmly.

"Never!" cried Elizabeth, "he would but send me back to the convent. Nay, look not so shocked, dear Wolfgang; thou shalt take me to my old nurse, who lives hard by with her husband and children. They will shelter me for a day or two at least."

The young man gave way, as he usually did when Elizabeth took an obstinate fit into her head, and after bidding the Prior good-night, the lovers took their departure.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Priory clock was slowly tolling forth the hour of midnight, as the Lord Bishop of Wartenheim entered the church to keep his vigil. Within the sacred building all was still as death, the only sound that occasionally smote upon the ear was the fluttering of a bat high up in the darkness of the roof; through the great east window the moonlight was streaming across the chancel, illuminating the figures on the rood with a weird, unearthly glow, playing at hide and seek among the pillars, leaving here a streak of silvery whiteness, and there a patch of inky blackness; flooding with soft light the chapel of St. Boniface, and resting with a halo above the shrine of the holy relic.

It was here that the Bishop bent his footsteps, heedless of the solemn grandeur around him, thinking only of the prize so well within his grasp. He reached the chapel, and knelt, from force of habit. The shrine was a rare masterpiece of the sculptor's art, rich in carvings of quaint design, and encrusted with jewels, the gifts of many a devout pilgrim. It represented a life-sized recumbent figure of St. Boniface, round whose neck was suspended a cross of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, containing one of the teeth of the Saint.

From the marble sarcophagus upon which the holy Boniface reposed, arose six carved pillars, supporting the watching-chamber, which was composed of oaken trellis work. It was usually occupied by a monk, but at the present moment was left vacant.

The prelate remained in prayer for some moments, then raised his head and

gazed upon the relic. The diamonds glittering in the rays of the moon, seemed to bid him seize them, and, putting forth his hand, he was about to remove the cross from the breast of the saint, when something icy cold and heavy as lead closed upon his wrist, crushing it as in a vice.

With a cry of terror the Bishop en-

deavoured to struggle to his feet, but was forced to his knees again, held down by the marble hand of the outraged Boniface, who, recalled to life by the impending sacrilege, protected thus the holy relic in his own person.

As the hideous truth dawned upon him, and he saw the once insensible effigy rising to curse him, the Bishop,



And the worthy Prior fell into such throes of silent laughter that the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

with an appalling scream, fell prostrate on the floor in a dead faint.

When he again recovered consciousness, he became aware that someone was holding up his head, and on opening his eyes, perceived Wolfgang kneeling beside him.

"Ah! don't leave me, don't leave me!" he cried with a nervous clutch, gazing fearfully at the recumbent saint, who had resumed his normal attitude. "I—I have had a terrible shock!"

"Yes, my Lord Bishop, I entered the church just in time to see thee fall," answered the young knight gravely.

"Then—then thou didst see—that?" and the trembling bishop pointed with a shudder to the shrine.

"Aye, my lord, I witnessed both the intended theft and its strange prevention."

"But, good Wolfgang, thou wilt say naught about it—I will reward thee if thou wilt keep silence."

"I will do so upon one condition only," replied the Count Von Hartstein, as he assisted the prelate to his feet. "Thou **must** obtain the Burgomaster's consent to my marriage with his granddaughter Elizabeth, and thou **must** pay me a goodly sum by way of a wedding portion."

"Anything! anything!" groaned the bishop, tottering from the church.

"But, remember," cried Wolfgang, "an thou fail in thy promise, thy sacrilege and its punishment shall be made known throughout the Fatherland!"

"Nay, rest assured, my son, I shall keep my word; I swear it to thee," replied the bishop as he reached the open air.

Wolfgang accompanied him to the

monks' quarters, and then returned to the church.

He found the Prior seated on the edge of the shrine, divesting himself of the white garment that had done duty as the saint's robe. Below it he wore a complete suit of mail, which had effectually concealed his breathing, and had given both the appearance and feel of marble, the likeness to the effigy being further heightened by the whitening of his face and gauntleted hands with a preparation of chalk.

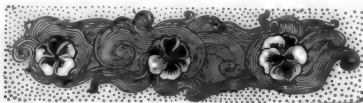
"Heaven bless thee, my son," he said as Wolfgang approached, "thy plan has succeeded beyond all hope, and great shall be thy reward. Ho! in faith 'twas a grand moment when the thieving bishop found himself as he believed in the grip of the angry saint!"

And the worthy Prior, shaking his head from side to side, fell into such throes of silent laughter, that the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

"And now, my son," he said at length, as he rose and wiped his eyes, "I pray thee help me out of this armour which thou hast so kindly lent me, and then I shall pass the rest of the night in vigil before the relic, as a thank-offering for our happy deliverance from a terrible sacrilege."

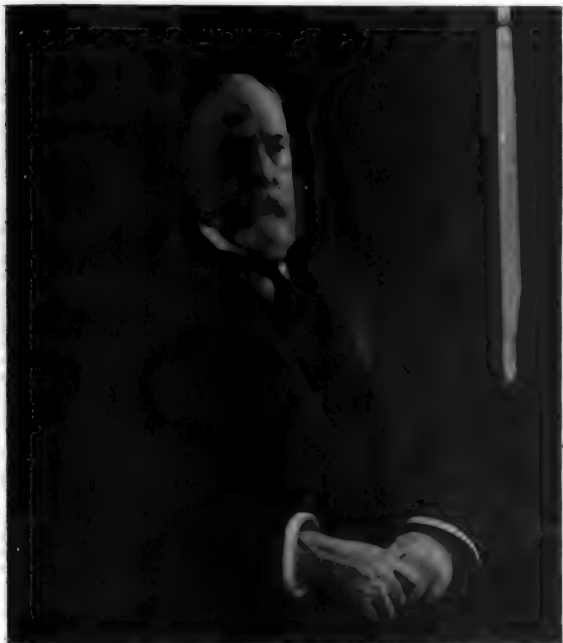
\* \* \* \*

The Bishop of Wartenheim kept his promise made by the shrine of St. Boniface, and when a month later the marriage of Count Wolfgang Von Hartstein with the Baroness Elizabeth Von Neu-deck was celebrated in the Priory church, it was no "penniless, adventuring" knight that led the heiress to the altar, but one whose fortune was well able to vie with her own.



## THE EVOLUTION OF AN IMPERIALIST.

BY WALTER C. PURCELL.



*Photo by Paul Naumann.*

**The Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P.**

THE first time, if my memory serves me right, I looked upon a portrait, or what professed to be a portrait, of Sir Charles Dilke, was some twenty-four years ago, and then, curiously enough, I found it illustrating a type in a phrenological pamphlet in which the eminent Imperial statesman of to-day was described as that "stern and uncompromising repub-

lican." Times have changed since then, and with them Sir Charles Dilke. How few of the present generation remember the "Citizen" Dilke of a quarter of a century ago. Republicanism in those days had a certain vogue which rendered it, if not fashionable, curious and interesting, and "Citizen" Dilke was on all hands accepted as the apostle and the prophet



Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P.  
*Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.*

of the new political cult. Where is his republicanism now? It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to recall these early vagaries, these preliminary canters in the domain of politics in which all statesmen indulge to a more or less extent before settling down to fixed political principles. But, after all, the object of an article of this kind is to interest the reader, and as Sir Charles Dilke's flights in the direction of republicanism formed the most interesting feature of his career, I see no reason for passing them over. Associated with him in those early days—his other self—was the gentleman whom I once saw described in a foreign newspaper as Lord Sir Joseph Chamberlain, and though at the beginning Sir Charles Dilke's too candid propaganda on behalf of what must always be an unpopular cause in England impaired his character as a serious politician, it is notorious that the constitutional radicalism of Mr. Chamberlain gave rise to even more distrust. But the

two men in time became inseparable; and, to anticipate a little, it is a well-known fact that it was owing to the self-abnegation of Dilke that Chamberlain obtained his first seat in the Cabinet. After 1880, when the Liberals "swept the country," Mr. Gladstone offered a seat in the Cabinet to Sir Charles Dilke, but he, on condition that one of his Radical colleagues was given the position, agreed to content himself with the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. "The Times" and "The Spectator" of that day spoke appreciatively of Sir Charles Dilke's self-denial, whilst "The Daily News," as the recognised Liberal organ, went further, declaring that "the trouble some men take to push their claims forward Sir Charles Dilke has taken to keep his claims back." Not even the wildest imagination could have fancied then that twenty years later would see these two men sitting on opposite sides of the House, one the incarnation of militant Imperialism, and the other the most philosophic exponent



Miniature of Lady Dilke.



Portrait of John Keats.

of the same creed. The growth, or decadence, call it what you will, of the political idea, has been pretty much the same in both, and though standing on nominally different platforms, on all essential things they are as united to-day as they were in 1880.



Drawing by John Keats.

Sir Charles is 56 years of age, but owing to his well-known love of outdoor exercise, and his inveterate fondness for such hobbies as fencing, he is as active and lithe as a man of half his age. At Cambridge, where he went in 1862, he rowed four years in his college first boat, and won a shooting prize in the Volunteers, as well as a walking championship. His love of the river is as ardent to-day as it was forty years ago, and in company with Mr. Reginald McKenna, M.P., as portrayed in our illustration, he may be seen frequently pulling along the Thames with a stroke which shows neither a lack of the old

Sir Charles Dilke's Great-Great-Grandfather,  
1698-1781.

vigour nor a want of the old skill. That Sir Charles Dilke's prowess in this direction is generally recognised is evidenced by the fact that a challenge he held out some time ago on behalf of himself and Mr. McKenna to row any two Members of the House of Commons has not yet been taken up.

But it was not only in the domain of athletics that Sir Charles distinguished himself at Cambridge. He won a scholarship in Mathematics, and came out senior in the Law Tripos of '66, whilst his abilities as a debater made him twice Vice-President and twice President of the Union Debating Society.



Prizes won by Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.

His university career at an end, he proceeded to complete his education by a tour of the world, having for companion during part of the journey that well-known traveller and writer, the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Together they performed what was then a very rare feat—they crossed over the Rocky Mountains. After that Sir Charles went to our Australian Colonies by way of California, taking Ceylon and India on the return journey, in both places making himself familiar with the condition and political and social aspects of the native races. After India came Egypt, and the usual European tour. The result of this journey was a remarkable

book, the name of which has added a new phrase to our language, and which attained a very large sale not only in England and America, but in all the Colonies. It is curious to have to state that though Sir Charles Dilke wrote "Problems of Greater Britain" with the avowed object of killing the earlier book, "Greater Britain" still continues to sell, and Messrs. Macmillan still continue to issue fresh editions. Indeed, as I am able to state on the authority of Sir Charles himself, the public have regularly confounded one book with the other. Still, though "Greater Britain" is in many respects out of date, it possesses considerable interest for the political



Souvenirs of Sir Charles Dilke's travels.



student, the fore-knowledge of events and the curious anticipation of subsequent problems being quite remarkable. In the November of the year in which his book appeared, Sir Charles was returned to Parliament, Chelsea having chosen him in preference to Dr. William Russell, the famous war correspondent of "The Times." His ability as a financier, and the great interest he took

in economical questions, soon attracted the attention of Mr. Fawcett, to whom he became after a time indispensable. Still, maintaining his democratic principles, which indeed he has never renounced, he worked hard for the preservation of public Commons, becoming Chairman of a Society founded with that object. Nor did he let purely

domestic politics interfere with the interest his prolonged tour had given him in the affairs of India and the Colonies. He spoke often and with great effect on foreign and Colonial matters.

In 1871, in speeches delivered at Newcastle, Sir Charles brought a terrible storm about his head. Not only did he accuse the Court of wanton extravagance, but attacked monarchical insti-

tutions in general, declaring himself purely and simply a republican. He was answered a few days later by Mr. Lowe, who challenged him to raise the subject in the House of Commons. This is how "The Times" of December 6 in that year alluded to the matter: "Sir Charles Dilke has brought definite charges of scandalous extravagance and waste of the public funds against the Court and

successive Ministries. These are intermixed with general criticism on monarchical institutions which are not capable of being brought to an issue, but in themselves they admit of direct verification or disapproval. Sir Charles Dilke maintains them, Mr. Lowe denies them. We do not know the extent of the denial and the character of the future explanation, for, as Mr. Lowe justly observed, to enter into the subject before the people of Halifax would be to fall into the error for which he had censured his opponent; but if Sir Charles will repeat his statements on the meeting of Parliament, he has the assurance that the Government will not endeavour to smother discussion."

Sir Charles very courageously took up



Lady Dilke.

From the painting by Herbert Herthomer, R.A.

the challenge, and on the 19th of March in the following year he rose in his place in the House to move certain returns in connection with the Civil List of which he had given previous notice. His speech on the occasion was characterised by great ability, and it speaks well for the respect in which he was held that he was listened to in absolute silence, though his friend and supporter, Mr. Auberon Herbert, failed to obtain a hearing. In a House of nearly 280 Members, he only found two supporters, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Anderson. This was defeat with a vengeance, but Sir Charles was young and not at all disposed to drop his "very dangerous" opinions. He addressed many meetings up and down the country, and gave a name to a party known as the "Dilkites." As was to be expected, his propaganda roused a good deal of opposition. Many of his meetings were broken up, and he himself ran considerable risk of personal violence. At Bolton, one of his meetings gave rise to a riot, which in turn resulted in a trial that excited all sections of the Lancashire people for some weeks. Eight of the party who broke up the meeting were put on their trial, but though the jury deliberated for about eight hours they were unable to agree. Sergeant Ballantine, who defended, used the unpopular opinions of the baronet to such effect that most of the jury felt that as loyal men they were bound to acquit the prisoners. Earlier in the year, in an address to his constituents at Chelsea, Sir Charles disclaimed any intention of having been personally offensive to the Royal Family, a disclaimer that was only in part accepted even by the Liberal party. In an article on this speech, which appeared in "The Daily News," there is a curious prophecy which those who know the Sir Charles Dilke of to-day will read with interest. "The manly and straightforward speech of Sir Charles Dilke at Chelsea," says the Liberal organ, "is a sufficient answer to the charges which have been heaped upon him of having personally attacked the Sovereign, of having violated his oath of allegiance, and of having combined every form of sedition

and treason which a terrified imagination can conceive. He has said nothing which lies outside the sphere of fair political discussion, nor has there been anything in his manner to make that unlawful which was intrinsically permissible. What is offensive in the popular impression of his speeches has been read into them by passion and prejudice. The wisdom of his opinions is, however, a very different thing, and on this point *we are disposed to agree with the views which Sir Charles Dilke is likely to take ten years hence, rather than with those which with admirable frankness and courage he professes now.*"

A few months later Sir Charles gave an early indication of a possible change of views, declaring that all the reforms he desired were compatible with the monarchical form of Government. One of these reforms was the redistribution of seats, a measure he was the first to advocate, and which was then almost as unpopular as his republican opinions. "He holds," says "The Standard," "that the franchise is not wide enough. He condemns the distribution of seats according to which one half of the Members were elected by over two millions while the other half were elected by under half a million. He demands the extension of household suffrage to the counties." As all the world knows, these very reforms which were then considered as revolutionary, were looked upon a few years later, both by Liberal and Tory, as reasonable and necessary. About this time, Sir Charles had the temerity to quarrel with the Temperance party in Chelsea, and so unsafe was his seat regarded that several constituencies, including Dundee and Paisley, where the Radicals were in a very large majority, were offered to him. But he was not the man to give in without a struggle. At the next election the teetotalers brought out a candidate of their own, but to their disgust they saw the name of Dilke once more at the head of the poll. In the Conservative Parliament of 1874, he rendered some valuable service to the Government by actively supporting many of its measures. From this

time onward there would seem to have been working a gradual change in his views, the extreme radicalism, not to say republicanism, of his earlier days giving place to a staid, philosophic Liberalism which accepted the monarchy as one of the things that is best, and recognised the Empire at large as a heritage to be jealously guarded. The prophecy of "The Daily News" has been fulfilled. In '78 and '79 he marked by his speeches a divergence between

was selected by Mr. Gladstone to move the vote of censure on the Government, his position was assured. Though occupying the post of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the '80 Parliament, Sir Charles found time to devote a good deal of attention to Metropolitan matters. It was perhaps this devotion to domestic legislation which induced Mr. Gladstone three years later to offer him the Chairmanship of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet.



Mr. Reginald McKenna, M.P.

Sir Charles Dilke, M.P.

himself and many of the prominent members of his party by becoming, if only in a moderate degree, a man of war, and though the term was seldom used then, an "Imperialist." Then, as now, the eternal Eastern question was with us, and Sir Charles Dilke's speeches on the subject were considered so valuable that the public called for their issue in pamphlet form. For some time he had been making rapid advances in the direction of the front bench, and when, in 1879, he

It was whilst occupying this position that he piloted through the House the Redistribution Bill, the advocacy of which had brought such odium upon him in '71 and '72. During this period too he acted as Chairman of a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, the Prince of Wales, Cardinal Manning, and Lord Salisbury being also members.

In 1885 Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain were agreed on a plan for

giving local government to Ireland. They even arranged to visit the "distressful country" together, but the Nationalists received the project in such a hostile spirit that the visit was abandoned. Had the visit come off, who knows what effect it might have had on the recent history of the Liberal party, and it is no secret that many of the Irish Members of Parliament afterwards regretted the fact that they did not give a hearing to the two statesmen, who, it is whispered, would have gone as far as might easily have satisfied the aspirations of the majority of the Irish people.

In the domain of literature, besides the books already alluded to, Sir Charles has published "The Present Position of European Politics," "The British Army," and, in collaboration with Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, "Imperial Defence." Another book of his which he published anonymously, and which created some stir at the time, was "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco," a political satire, in which amongst other public men he criticised himself. It went through several editions, and was translated into French.

The useful part that Sir Charles has played in the present Parliament is well known. His opinions on Imperial matters and national defence are those of an expert, and are listened to with the

utmost respect by all sections of the House of Commons; and so impartial are his judgments, so free from bias his arguments, so comprehensive his sympathy, that he might without loss of self-respect take his place in either a Tory or a Liberal Cabinet. Should the Liberals return with a majority after the forthcoming elections, it is confidently anticipated that whoever may be Premier, Sir Charles Dilke will fill an important post in the government of the country, and should the exigencies of politics or foreign complications call for a coalition Government, it is certain that he would be one of the first to be called into the councils of the nation.

Something has already been said of the baronet's personal tastes. They may be briefly summarised as those of the ordinary healthy Englishman who is at the same time a student and an athlete. His fondness for fencing is scarcely a national characteristic, though it is said that the practice is every day finding more favour amongst those who are known, facetiously, perhaps, as "men of leisure."

Amongst the illustrations to this article will be found a sketch by John Keats and a photograph of the only painting ever made from life of the poet, both being cherished possessions of Sir Charles Dilke



Sir Charles Dilke's own Works.



BY DAGNEY MAJOR.

SWEET Mistress Barbara was seated by the window sewing, and I warrant you she made a goodly picture as the golden rays of the setting sun kissed the fair curls that clustered round her pretty head.

I stood watching her like some lovesick ninny, knowing little of the ways of courting, being more at home with the sword than with women-folk.

"And what shall I bring you back from London town, Mistress Barbara, if I ever do come back?" I jerked out hastily. "The journey I have undertaken is wrought with much danger."

Now I grant you I longed she should bid me return with naught but myself, but I was ever a fool at fishing, and Mistress Barbara did not bite at my clumsily baited hook. She shook her fair curls and broke out into a merry laugh, which savoured of one of her tantalising moods.

"So Master Wilfred speaks of not returning before his journey has commenced," she cried, looking at me with mock contempt. "You serve——"

"King Charles—God bless him!" I put in hastily.

"Who is in grave danger," continued Mistress Barbara, "and those who serve him should think of naught but his safety, not their own."

"I care not one whit if I should lose my life," I broke in hotly; "and to lose it for the King's sake would be no ill favour, I warrant!"

"Bravely spoken, Master Wilfred, and worthy of a Cavalier," cried Mistress Barbara; "but since you say you have to

die for His Majesty before the favour you speak of comes your way, methinks your chance should come this night."

"In good sooth," I answered, waxing angry, "your words suggest that no honour comes to him save he who dies for his ruler and his cause. I' faith I take good heed that I gain honour this night, and live to enjoy the sweets of the same!"

"Well said again," replied Mistress Barbara; "but the fortunes of war do not always favour the brave, and the forecast of gallant deeds is best kept secret, lest the man, in trying to accomplish them, fails, his reward being naught but the jeers and jibes of those who heard him prate!"

Now I own that Mistress Barbara's words had brought a flush to my cheek, and, lest she should see it, I made a sweeping bow, and in mock courtesy said:

"If all the swords of His Majesty's cavaliers were as sharp and quick as Mistress Barbara's tongue, the King would not be in his present sorry plight. I thank you for your words, fair cousin. Adieu!" And turning round, I strode in hot haste from the room.

I scarce had got outside the door when she called me back. I returned, but with such a frown on my face that she laughed aloud.

"Such a sour countenance as yours, Master Wilfred, can only be the reflection of a bad temper, borne of being outwitted by a woman. I crave your pardon, sir," she said curtsying with such

dainty grace that I forgot my qualms ; " but may it please you to grant me a favour ? "

" Aye, a hundred, Mistress Barbara," I replied eagerly.

" Then bring me back from London town a good temper," and catching up her dress she ran laughing from the room.

A few moments later, my uncle—Sir James Hammond—called me to his study. Now, though I was but a boy in years, my uncle had great faith in me, for in many a village brawl had I come off victorious, and Sir James ever favoured a fighter.

When I entered the room he was busy writing, but on hearing my footsteps he rose, and greeting me in his kindly way, bade me sit down while he explained the purport of my coming journey.

" You will know full well, Wilfred," he began, " that the mission you are to carry out to-night is one of the utmost secrecy and importance. The issue at stake is the safety of the King, whom God bless and preserve. You are to start at ten o'clock to-night, and you will ride my best horse. You should get to London at two in the morning. Where the road branches in three different directions, you will meet a Cavalier mounted on a black horse. When you challenge him with the words ' In the King's name,' and he answers in similar fashion, you are to give him this," and Sir James handed me a stout leather case. " In return, he will give you a smaller one. Then press on with all speed to London, and go to John Rodway's house, the whereabouts of which I have told you. Deliver the packet into the hands of John Rodway, who will take out a document it will contain, replacing it by another which you will bring back. Stay not one moment longer than is

necessary, and ride home with all speed. I know that the country is thick with Cromwell's followers, and that my cousin Rupert, the Roundhead—the plague take him!—is watching my movements closely ; but you wield a trusty sword, Wilfred, and your courage is undaunted. I have chosen you for this mission because I have faith in you. Let nothing



She made a goodly picture.

prevent you from placing that packet into John Rodway's hands."

Then bidding me remain where I was, and advising me to snatch a few hours' sleep before the hour of departure, he left the room.

Shortly after a servant entered, setting before me a savoury meal, to which I did right good justice. This finished, I ordered my great riding boots, and be-

ing otherwise ready for my journey, I was once more alone with my own reflections.

While I mused, I fell asleep, and just

—from the none too undemonstrative attentions of a goodly looking young scamp, I woke up to find my uncle's old and faithful attendant bending over me.



"Take that for the King!" I roared.

when I had unhorsed an Ironside, driven my sword through the body of another, shot a third, and rescued Mistress Barbara—who had appeared from nowhere

"It is time to be stirring, Master Wilfred," he said.

Then I made good haste in putting on my boots, placed the leather wallet

safely under my belt, looked to my pistols, drew my hat well over my eyes and adjusted my cloak.

The servant led the way to the hall, which was in darkness, save for the very faint light from the lamp he carried. Sir James was awaiting me.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said. "A safe return, and good luck! Remember all I have told you."

The light was put out, and the door was opened. Sir James's magnificent black charger was held by one of the stable fellows. In another moment I had swung myself into the saddle, and rode away. Thus did I, in the winter of the year of grace 1651, set out to serve King Charles.

The night favoured me, for it was intensely dark. A dank mist hung about, enveloping me in its clinging folds. I picked my way carefully towards the high road, then digging my spurs into the horse's flanks, settled down into a hard, swinging gallop. Mile after mile I rode, hearing nothing but the monotonous sound of my horse's hoofs as they rang out in the still air. Presently a fine drizzle came down, which soon besoddened my riding cloak, and made the road sticky. On rounding a sharp bend in the road, a horseman suddenly darted out, and for the moment took me off my guard. But instinctively I gripped my pistol, and made ready to fight.

"Take that for the King!" I roared, emptying my pistol at him, and by the flash of the same, recognising an Ironside. I saw him clutch the air as he fell forward with a cry.

For a moment I paused to see whether it was a feint on his part. But no, his terrified horse bolted. The rider fell to the ground with a dull thud.

The rain had ceased, and struggling through a break in the clouds was the light of the moon. The fellow I had unhorsed lay in the road. He wore the red coat of the Cromwell soldier, but his hair was not close cropped—rather long if anything—and the upper lip was covered by a moustache. As I peered down into his face, I could scarce forbear starting at the resemblance it bore to mine. Suddenly I paused to listen, for my quick ears had caught the faint

sound of trotting horses. If they were Cromwell's mounted soldiers, I thought, then it was all up with me. They would out-pace and out-number me.

Now they say that "all is fair in love and war," so I exchanged clothes with the dead man. Then I led my horse to a thicket hard by, and tethering him to a tree, retraced my footsteps to the spot where my victim lay. Climbing a tree which bore thick and heavy branches, I waited for the mounted soldiers who were rapidly approaching. By my faith, I would fain let you know my heart beat quickly, for my discovery meant certain death; but I vowed, if it came to fighting, I would sell my life dearly.

I had not so long to wait before the horsemen appeared in sight. I could see their armour and helmets glitter as they rode along the road in a body in the full light of the moon. Presently the red coats showed up, which proved they were Cromwellians. In a few moments they were riding by me, when the leader espied the dead man in the road. He immediately called a halt, ordering two men to dismount and examine the body.

"Who is it?" demanded the leader callously.

"A Cavalier, Captain Maxwell!" was the answer.

"A curse on his soul!" muttered Maxwell, at which there was a general laugh.

"Then the shot we heard just now must have been fired by Simons, the out-post," suggested one of the men. "He was ordered to wait about here!"

"It's young Wilfred Hammond, of Castleby Hall, nephew of Sir James Hammond who is plotting for the King's escape. The plague take him!" remarked the man, as he rolled the body over with his foot.

"Leave the young fool there. We can't take him back. Bad news flies fast enough. They will hear it but too speedily at the Hall. The devil is the richer by one soul, and when he gets the King's he will be richer by two!" growled Maxwell.

A shout of laughter greeted this sally.

"We will return by the way we came," added Maxwell. "Stay! does young Simons know our password—Naseby and victory?"



"Aye! that he does," replied the men.

"'Tis well. Right about—forward!"

In another moment they had cantered up the road in the direction from which they came. I breathed freely once more, but dared not descend from my hiding place till their clattering had completely died away.

In good sooth it was a funny sight to see one's self taken for dead, but when I thought what the effect would be at the Hall, I was grievously discomforted. I descended cautiously, and untethering my horse, led him by the rein to where the fellow lay. I took off my Cavalier's cloak

from the victim, also his hat, for I had yet to pass the man with the packet at the cross-roads. Drawing the cloak well around me, and placing my own hat on my head, after firmly fixing the helmet to my saddle, I remounted, and lashing my horse once more resumed my ride.

The brief halt had refreshed the animal, and I swung along at a right good pace. Never slackening speed for an instant, I urged on my gallant steed to his utmost pace. I had to make up for lost time, but I warrant you the pace I went at was worthy of one who was serving his King. I knew I was but a few miles from the cross roads, and, that

point reached, half my journey would be accomplished. But I was ever on the alert, for whilst my left hand held the rein, my right gripped my pistol.

I galloped steadily on till the cross roads, which met in an open stretch of country, loomed in sight. Drawing rein slightly, I looked hard ahead, and saw a mounted horseman in the middle of the turnpike. As I drew nearer, I was able to distinguish a black charger, mounted by a figure in a cloak similar to mine, and wearing a Cavalier hat. As I approached, he cocked his pistol, and I mine.

"In the King's name!" I shouted.

"In the King's name!" he replied.

"'Tiswell! See here!"

He thrust his hand inside his belt, and handed me a small leather wallet. I gave him mine, and without further parley I dashed onwards at top most speed.

It was past two when I clattered over Lon-



"I have a warrant permitting me to search the Hall."

don Bridge. My horse was showing signs of hard going, for his breathing came thick and sharp, and he was flecked with foam. Right glad was I when I flung myself from the saddle and knocked loudly at John Rodway's door. I heard a window open, and a voice asked:

"Who's there? What do you want?"

"Wilfred Hammond, in the King's name! I must have speech with John Rodway. I bear him a message!" I whispered.

Luckily for me the streets were deserted.

In another moment the front door was opened, and a fellow slipped out to tend my horse, whilst I entered the house. It was John Rodway who met me in the hall.

"God bless you, my boy!" he cried, wringing my hand. "Had you a troublesome journey?"

I briefly told him of my adventures as he led the way to a small room at the back of the house. Bidding me fill a great tankard of ale, which I drained with right good will, he demanded the leather wallet. I watched him eagerly as he opened it with feverish haste.

"God!" he gasped, turning pale.

"What's amiss?"

"The wallet was empty!"

"With whom did you exchange wallets?" he cried out.

"With a man in a Cavalier hat, on a black charger, who challenged me in the King's name, and who came from London!"

"Then God help you and King Charles, for I can't. The fellow must have been a spy, and learnt of your movements. Do you know what your wallet contained?"

"No!" I answered in despair.

"A plan of escape for King Charles, who, in disguise, was to attempt admission to Castleby Hall to-night. I and your uncle have discussed the arrangement by letter, and I was to have a boat ready on the Sussex coast to-morrow. The message you should have had given you in exchange was from a friend to say that my arrangements were complete. The man to whom it was entrusted was

a faithful servant, who has been aiding us. I can't tell now whether our plans are complete. I fear the poor fellow has been shot by spies. Cromwell's men have now, by the man to whom you gave the wallet, got wind of the escape, and King Charles will be caught at Castleby Hall like a rat in a trap."

"By the Lord Harry, that he shall not!" I shouted; "if it costs me my life. Have you a horse?"

"Yes!"

"Then order him to be saddled at once, for I start without a moment's delay." Tell the fellow who tends my horse to make all speed, and bring me the helmet strapped to my saddle. I have a plan by which I may outwit Cromwell's men."

Master Rodway having departed to order the horse, I fell to wondering if I could really bring about my scheme. Now, I own that the idea was so bold that it almost seemed impracticable, but fortune favours the bold, thought I, and I vowed that if courage and determination could ensure success, a favourable issue to this wild project should be mine.

When Master Rodway returned, I gave him a brief outline of my intended move. He was mightily pleased I could see, but warned me to be careful. Nor was he too confident of my success. While I made a hasty meal, he gave me sound advice. He owned that my blunder was through no fault of mine, but that it was one of the misfortunes of war. He bade me a kind farewell, and as I once more swung myself into the saddle, I wondered if I should ever see him again.

Away I flew on the same road by which I had come, and as I tore along mile after mile recognised with joy the landmarks which brought me nearer home. The King's life was at stake. Mistress Barbara and my uncle were in grievous danger. I was instrumental in their being so placed. I cursed myself for my folly, and as I dug my spurs deep into the horse's flanks, I set my teeth and ground them in my rage.

I knew that were my bold project to prove futile, I should lose my life, but I cared not one jot, for the mad excite-

ment of the ride buoyed me up with hope which knew no check. With such thoughts crowding on me, I tore through wood and vale, o'er hill and glen, never pausing for an instant in my mad dash to save the King. I knew that my uncle, not having received John Rodway's message, would know that things had gone awry, and as a last resource would hide the King in a small secret chamber in his study. Herein lay my plan for his escape.

As I mounted a hill from which I could see Castleby Hall, day was breaking. Flinging off my Cavalier's cloak and hat, I put on the helmet of the fellow I had killed, and with the red coat and other dress I had stolen from him, was ready for one of the most daring games of ruse that ever a follower of King Charles played.

When I galloped up to the Hall, it was surrounded by Cromwell's soldiers, and to my joy I recognised their leader to be Maxwell, whom I had watched on the previous night. I faith, I could scarce refrain from smirking, but I had yet to play my final card, and I liked not the expression of his face. He turned round and challenged me.

"Naseby and victory!" I answered promptly.

"'Tis well! Pass!"

Then hastily turning round he exclaimed: "By the Lord Harry! 'tis Simons!"

"None other, Captain Maxwell!" answered I, "but I doubt not that my voice was far from steady."

"You unhorsed and killed young Wilfred Hammond last night, and I'll swear he was a tough fighter!"

"Aye, aye, that he was!" I answered gruffly. "He fought like the devil himself, and sold his life dearly."

It was getting lighter, and I tried to edge toward the shadow of the house.



As the panel slid back I caught sight of a figure.  
It was the King.

"Know you, Simons, that we believe the King to be inside the Hall, which is surrounded by our men. He will be caught like a rat in a trap!" growled Maxwell.

"'Tis well!" said I, and I laughed aloud; "but we have first to find him. I would have speech with you!" and I beckoned him aside out of earshot of his men.

"I have oft had speech with Master Rupert Hammond, who hates Sir James like Old Nick himself!" I began, "and he has told me so minutely of how the house is built, that I warrant I could find my way about blindfolded. 'Tis cold out here, sir, and I know where they keep some good wine, which would make new men of us, and make us search with more gusto!"

Now I saw that my words had produced the desired effect, and a broad smile of pleasure suffused the face of Maxwell.

"I' faith, lad, you are right!" he cried, clapping me on the shoulder. "We will force an entrance now," and calling to some half a dozen men, he bade them follow us, giving orders to the others to keep a careful watch.

I led the way to a back door, and hammered at it with the butt of my pistol. It was not long before the bolts were drawn. I could scarce forbear from starting when the door was opened, for across the threshold stood my pretty cousin, looking very scared and white.

"We hear the King is in hiding here," began Maxwell. "I have a warrant permitting me to search the Hall. See!" he said, pointing to the signature, "Cromwell has signed it."

"Indeed, sir, you are welcome to search this house from top to bottom," she answered. "Pray enter!"

"I' faith, we have a pretty wench to show us round," answered Maxwell, entering the house, and I after him. Methinks I could have knocked him down for his insolent talk, but I managed to curb myself.

"Dost know, pretty one," asked Maxwell, "that young Wilfred Hammond, of Castleby Hall, was killed last night? I and some of my men saw him lying dead in the road."

I thought my poor cousin was going to faint, so deathly pale did she turn, but with a great effort she kept her self-control and led us on.

"'Twas Simons here," said Maxwell, pointing to me, "who killed him. He says he made a good fight."

"Aye, that he did, pretty one," I answered, "he fought like a man." But

I kept well behind her, so that she could not see my face.

"I'm sure he did," answered Mistress Barbara, "for a more gallant gentleman never walked."

"'Tis a pity he cannot hear so fair a speech from such sweet lips," put in Maxwell.

"This is no time for idle words," answered Mistress Barbara haughtily. "Whither would you be led?"

"To the wine cellar first, for we are cold. Young Simons here, who knows Master Rupert Hammond, the Roundhead, has good knowledge of the house. Let him fetch the wine. You stay here with me, girl, lest in your absence you should manage to give some warning to the inmates of the house."

Then I left them, sore against my will I grant you, but happy in the thought that my sweet cousin held so high an opinion of me. I drew great jugs of ale and wine, and brought them up to Maxwell with some glasses. He filled to the brim a great tankard, pledged it to his pretty guide, and drained it to the dregs. This was followed by a second, then a third, and afterwards by some good red wine, which made him exceeding merry.

"The time goes on apace, sir," I put in, interrupting his enjoyment. "Methinks it would be better to be up and doing than quaffing too much liquor."

"By the Lord Harry, you are right, Simons," he answered, "but the wine is good," and rising from the table he called to the fellows in the passage, and commanding that Mistress Barbara should lead the way, we commenced the search. Right diligently did he go about it. I warrant you that not one little hiding place was left unransacked.

The reaction of the wine began to set in, and Maxwell was fast losing his temper. I saw that the critical moment had come. For a few brief minutes Maxwell was busy in Sir James's study. I could hear him beating round the sides to test their solidity. Suddenly he gave a cry: his blow had given forth a hollow sound.

Mistress Barbara was in front of me, just entering the room. I saw her tremble. I ran forward and caught hold of her arm.

"Hush!" I whispered. "Courage. For reasons I cannot give I would save the King!"

She turned round, her face full of fear and doubt.

"Before God," I whispered, "I play you not false. I wish to save the King. Where is he?"

"Good sir," she whispered tearfully,

I pushed her into the room, following close upon her.

"Ah! Simons, we have something here!" cried out Maxwell, striking the panelling, which sounded hollow as he rained blows on it.

I knew the panel well, and how to open it.

"The very chamber of which Master Rupert spoke.

"'Twould be better, sir, for you to stand in the doorway while I open it. See after the girl, that she does not get away to alarm the house!"

"Well spoken, Simons," and he crossed to the doorway.

My heart was thumping like a sledge hammer as I pressed the spring, which caused the panelling to slide back. Maxwell's point of observation prevented him from seeing the opening.

It was well he could not.

As the panel slid back, I caught sight of a figure which lay against the wall. It was the King. He had fainted!

Then I turned slowly round.

"Have a care,

Maxwell, the girl's swooning!"

As Mistress Barbara was caught in the ready arms of Maxwell, I snapped the panel to again.

"We have been outwitted, sir!" I cried. "The secret chamber is empty."

"Art certain, lad?"

"Aye, in very sooth," I answered. "We will get the truth from that wench," I said hastily, "when she comes to!"

Even as I spoke, Mistress Barbara showed signs of recovery, and I got some



I asked him there and then for his pretty niece in marriage.

"do not deceive me. I am but a poor defenceless girl, and know not how to act."

"I very sooth, brave girl, I'll not deceive you. Where is the King? Speak! 'tis your only chance!"

"In a small secret chamber behind the panelling on which your Captain knocked."

"Then do as I tell you. Stand close to Maxwell all the time. When I open the secret door, feign a fainting fit!"

water by way of a restorative, helping Maxwell to bring her round.

With a well-feigned effort she struggled to her feet.

A dark shadow played across the face of Maxwell, which savoured of anger and suspicion.

"'Tis a trick, girl!" he cried out angrily, seizing her by the arm.

"Indeed, sir," answered the brave girl gallantly, "'twere but a sorry trick to feign illness for no cause at all, and surely—"

"I have no time to waste prating. The King's whereabouts, or you are my prisoner!"

The laugh she gave I can only liken to a merry peal of bells.

"You asked me permission to show you over the house. I have done so, none can deny. You did not ask me if the King were within, but you were led to suppose he was. You came too late. The King has been and gone these six hours."

Maxwell went so black with anger that speech failed him.

"'Tis no fault of mine, sir, that you have lost six hours in fruitless search, when you might have caught the King in his flight. Nor can I tell you where he is, for fugitives must often change their plans. Come, sir," she pleaded, advancing towards him with such pretty, supplicating gestures that I saw his face soften, "were Cromwell in a similar plight, I wot not that his good men would play like tricks to save their much loved leader!"

"Aye, that they would!" cried Maxwell warmly, "and Cromwell, if he ever should know of my blunder this day, would surely say with me that I have met the bravest woman with whom a soldier ever parleyed. What say you, Simons?" he asked, turning to me.

"That we should take our fair informer's hint, and try to learn the King's whereabouts," I answered. "'Twere better that I should stay here, with a few picked men, for a day or two, as I know the house!"

"Right, Simons; your judgment is good, and Cromwell shall hear of your gallant fight last night."

Bidding me report myself at headquarters in the evening, he summoned all his men, and as I, with my men, saluted him as he rode away, I thanked God right earnestly that we were rid of him. Their clatter had scarce died away when sweet Mistress Barbara fell a-fainting in right good earnest. I sent the men about their business to watch around the house, and carried her indoors to the study, calling loudly for assistance.

Sir James and his trusty servant appeared, and I hurriedly explained, in brief outline, my exploits.

Sir James could scarce believe his ears, as I told him of my adventures.

Mistress Barbara, on recovering, and seeing that I was in very truth alive, fell upon my neck a-weeping, calling me her brave boy, and other endearments, which made me flush with discomfiture and pride.

Being secure from interruption, Sir James unlocked the panel, and King Charles stepped out. His Majesty listened to my story to the end without interruption. On my conclusion, he took my hand in his, and said:

"A braver deed was never done. Such men as you go to make an army. You have saved my life, and I thank you with all my heart."

"I thank your Majesty for your gracious words," I replied, kneeling, and kissing the hand which he presented. "An' I think it no ill favour to save your Majesty as I have been permitted. Yet, after bungling with the wallet, 'twas the only course I had."

"Nay, nay, brave lad!" interposed my uncle, "'twas not your fault. I might have known my bitter enemy and cousin Rupert would have learnt of my plans, and frustrated us by placing a spy at the cross roads. As I waited in vain for an answer, I knew things had gone awry, so hid his Majesty in the secret chamber."

"All is well that ends well. God save the King! God bless the King!"

"God save the King! God bless the King!" I and Barbara echoed earnestly.

And then his Majesty performed one of those little acts of kindness for which he was noted. Drawing off a ring, he

advanced towards Mistress Barbara, and, taking her hand, he placed it on her finger.

"Mistress Hammond," he began, "your courage and your woman's wit hath helped to save my life. Methinks my words are not amiss when I say that the day is not far distant when gallant Master Wilfred will wed as fair and as brave a lady as ever served her King. Take this ring, with my wishes for your happiness and long life!"

For answer, Mistress Barbara curtseyed low and turned a deep rose-red,

which so plainly answered "yes" that I took her hand, led her to Sir James, and asked him there and then for his pretty niece in marriage. I' faith, I know not who was the more pleased, the King or my uncle.

Thus it came about that with our aid King Charles reached Shoreham a few days later, and got across to France.

So when I led my sweet wife from the altar steps, I whispered that I thought King Charles a better matchmaker than a fighter. And Mistress Barbara thought so too.



A calm before the storm.

# In the Steps of Dickens.

## THE DEATH-PLACE OF "LITTLE NELL."

BY DARBY STAFFORD.

FROM Hengist, Saxon Prince, to Charles Dickens, modern novelist, is a far cry; yet a pretty, secluded Shropshire village owes its present fame to the one and its name and the real beginning of its history to the other. Hengist founded Tong, and Dickens has immortalised it. Tradition says that Hengist there received a piece of land for the site of a stronghold—as much land as could be compassed with the hide of an ox, and that the cute Saxon cut the hide into narrow thongs and stretched them round the knoll on which he built what he humorously named "Thong" Castle. But Dickens has given to English readers all the world over more than a traditional interest in the place by transforming a humble cottage in the village into a more important habitation than that of olden prince or modern successor.

Many noble families have dwelt in the imposing residence which now stands on the site of Hengist's castle, and in the intermediate mansions erected there, while

but one child of the master's fancy has inhabited the simple cot hard by; but the pilgrim of to-day, bewitched by the master's fancy, and feeling that the winsome heroine is very real—"dream-child" though she be—pays the deeper homage as he looks on "Little Nell's Cottage."

As far as can be ascertained, Dickens



Where "Little Nell" was buried.



paid but one visit to Tong, and on that occasion his stay was short. But the beauty and repose of the neighbourhood so impressed him that, when casting about for the most suitable place of his acquaintance for a resting place for the wanderers of his tale, "Little Nell" and her grandfather, he selected Tong—and none who know the place will say that the compliment was undeserved. It was probably in connection with a visit to the more renowned neighbouring Boscobel, the scene of the hiding of

days. And the cottage chosen as the imaginary home of his gentle child-heroine was admirably selected, apart from its actually being under the same roof as that of the schoolmaster of that period.

Tong is situated about half-way between Wolverhampton and Wellington, and is in the heart of that little known but truly delightful oasis of rural beauty, occupying a position between "the Black Country" on the east, and the Shropshire coal and iron district on



"Little Nell's Cottage."

Charles the Second after the disastrous fight of Worcester, and the place of the "Royal Oak," that the novelist was driven round by Tong, most likely to see the famous church. The writer has recently conversed with the son of an old lady, who died about a year ago at an advanced age, who distinctly remembered the visit of Dickens, and his delight over the church and village. The former, as every reader of "The Old Curiosity Shop" knows, figures largely in the notices of "Little Nell's" last

the west. It is a tract of country which abounds in typical midland pastoral scenery, than which none in all England is fairer, and seems to the traveller all the more fresh and fragrant in contrast to the blighted region through which he has passed to reach it. Those who are acquainted with the neighbourhood find it quite easy to follow the wanderings of the pilgrims in Dickens' marvellous story from some grimy coal wharf in the "Black Country" to secluded and peaceful Tong. "In all their journey-

ing they had never longed so ardently, they had never so pined and wearied for the freedom of pure air and open country as now. No; not even on that memorable morning when, deserting their old home, they abandoned themselves to the mercies of a strange world, and left all the dumb and senseless things they had known and loved, behind—not even then, had they so wearied for the fresh solitudes of wood, hillside, and field, as now when the noise and dirt and vapour of the great manufacturing town, reeking with lean misery and hungry wretchedness, hemmed them in on every side, and seemed to shut out hope, and render escape impossible.

"'Two days and nights' thought the child. 'He said two days and nights we should have to spend among such scenes as these. Oh! if we live to reach the country once again, if we get clear of these dreadful places, though it is only to lie down and die, with what a grateful heart I shall thank God for so much mercy.'" Soon was poor Nell

to find the haven of her fancy—at peaceful Tong. The picture of the "Black Country" which Dickens draws is dark and gruesome indeed, and, as in actual journey, it forms an admirable preparation for the delightful change that follows.

For many generations before modern Education Acts upset the primitive fashion, the posts of village schoolmaster and parish clerk were combined, and had been filled by the same individual. At the time of Dickens' visit to the village, the school-house stood before the schoolmaster's cottage in a by-lane. It has been replaced by a new stone-built school lower down the lane, and nearer to the church, but the cottage itself, and its companion, still stand, and an illustration of them is given. The sonsy, healthy urchins who dwell there now, and who may be seen in the illustration standing at the door with their parents, are different indeed from frail and dying Nell.

Readers of the story will remember Nell's fondness for the church and



Opposite the Church of "Little Nell's" last days.

churchyard. The church itself is one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the county, and is rich in antiquarian interest. It is crowded with monuments of the noble dead. Knights and ecclesiastics lie side by side beneath their marble effigies, which nearly fill the church. Vernons, Stanleys, Talbots, Durants, Pierpoints, and many another noble family are all commemorated there. No wonder that impressionable Nell felt the fascination of the tombs, and that her melancholy mood found congenial the silent company of the mighty dead. "Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with folded hands—cross-legged, those who had fought in the holy wars—girded with their swords, and cased in armour as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. . . . The child sat down, in this old, silent place, among the stark figures on the tombs—they made it more quiet there, than elsewhere, to her fancy—and, gazing round with a feeling of awe, tempered with a calm delight, felt that now she was happy, and at rest."

"The 'rotting beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall,' are no

longer seen, for the church has recently been fully and admirably restored.

The view from the churchyard is charming, and as extensive as Dickens pictures it; but he has probably mistaken the Clee hills, which are in Shropshire, for the Welsh mountains, though it may be possible to discern the latter from the tower.

Dickens has taken the usual license of a writer of romance, and has slightly altered the relative positions of the schoolmaster's house and the church, and has used as accessories to his description of the cottage portions of houses nearer the church, also the picturesque ruins of some ancient buildings situated just without the churchyard, on the lower side. Our illustrations represent the old schoolmaster's cottage, with the adjoining house—known as "Little Nell's Cottage"—and some old timbered houses opposite the church, utilised in description. The description of the place is, in the main, accurate, and—on quite independent grounds—the authentication of the village as the death-place of "Little Nell" is complete. The visitor to the village feels that Dickens chose well the resting place of his gentle heroine; and, though he knows it is but fancy, turns away from the churchyard and leaves the place feeling certain that a real "Little Nell" sleeps well there. To him Tong will ever be sacred to the memory of the gentlest and most loveable creature of the Master's pen.





THERE is a garden, or rather I should call it a sort of little park, bearing a famous name, attached to a prominent public institution in the south-western region of London. It is one of the most delightful little park-gardens I know. In the spring it is aflame with the colour and the beauty of the hawthorn and the chestnut—later on it lives upon the splendour of its roses.

Yet, the public for a long time did not find it out. I was fond of walking there—because it was not far from my home, and because of its delightful quietude and almost solitude. Only a very few nursery maids and children wandered about there, and with all my love for quietude I could hardly expect to have a semi-public pleasure all to myself. Suddenly, however, it flared upon public notice—as you shall hear.

I have been very much of a worker, and a pretty hard worker in my time; but I am also a good deal of a dreamer, and probably would not do much hard work if the Fates would only be kind enough to let me dream my life away. This park or garden was long a happy

dreaming-ground for me. I never thought of it as a place with any possibility of engendering a romantic or a tragic story. Needless to say the bicycle never entered the enclosure, nor did the garden appear to possess the slightest interest for the tramp or the loafer.

Three figures I had constantly observed in my quiet walks. One was that of the keeper of the garden—a strong and stately man, wearing a sort of uniform, and whose business it was to keep always perambulating the grounds while the gates were open, and seeing to it that small boys and girls did not tear up the flowers and the plants. Your small boy admitted to such a place is a very demon of mischief. I can myself excuse much to the passion for the possession of flowers, but your ordinary small boy does not care three straws about flowers except for the pleasure of merely tearing them out of the soil and throwing them away. I often talked to my friend the keeper on this subject, and he admitted that one of the chief troubles of his life was to prevent small boys from destroying the flowers and the shrubs. But he

was not misanthropic or pessimistic for all that. He had a liberal toleration for human weaknesses, especially in the

He had had many experiences in life. He had been a trooper, and had fought in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny,



When some half-hour had passed he was joined by the keeper's daughter.

years of infancy. "We were all like that once," he said, in pitying and philosophic accents.

and now his great difficulty was to fight against the small boys. There were very few of the small boys, anyhow. "They

don't know much about us," he used to say. "There's no fun of any kind going on here, and they would rather be in the streets playing tip-cat."

The second figure, which I noted with interest, was that of the keeper's daughter, Nellie Bland. I came to know her and to talk with her. Nellie was a tall, shapely, and very pretty girl. Her father adored her, and was very communicative about her. He was a widower, and she was the whole of his family. He had had her well educated, and she was a guide and a guardian genius to him in all matters concerning flowers and plants.

The third figure I specially noticed was that of a handsome young man, who lounged in the gardens almost every day, and who looked to my somewhat practised eyes like a man of social position who had an ambition to be regarded as a Bohemian sort of artist. He always wore a low felt hat, and was dressed in Bohemian fashion. His face tormented me with some memory I could not recall. At first I made up my mind that he came to the garden for the sake of the keeper's pretty daughter; but for a long time I never saw him in her company. So I put the idea reluctantly away—reluctantly, because if your trade be that of a writer of fiction, you are naturally unwilling to admit that you have failed in detecting any manner of romance.

There was a curious rule about the management of these gardens. The rule was that they were to be closed against the public for an hour every day—between one and two o'clock. No one was actually turned out, but my friend the keeper, when the appointed hour was drawing near, patrolled the garden, and in a tone of majestic volume warned all persons to depart. No one was expelled. No one was bound to leave. The only condition was that if you did not leave at one o'clock you must be locked up till two. My custom was to leave at one. But I noticed one day that the young man in the Bohemian get-up, lingered behind when the time came, and so I, full still of my trading purposes, thought I would linger behind too, and see whether anything came of it.

Something did come of it. My young Bohemian—where had I met him before?—lingered about the garden a good deal, and when some half-hour had passed away he was joined by the keeper's daughter. Then I thought I had got at the beginning of my romance. But I still have something of a conscience left, for all that I do try to write novels, and I kept carefully away from my pair of young lovers, as I assumed them to be; and when the gates were re-opened at two o'clock I wandered off, and in fact went about my business.

But I do not deny that the place began to have a new and romantic interest for me. Who, I asked of my own heart, is that young Bohemian? Either I have studied London life for nothing, or he is a man of a social class much higher than that of pretty Nellie Bland. Then again, does the father know anything about the love-making?—supposing there is any love-making—and surely a youth and a maiden do not linger about a garden alone for the purpose of teaching each other floriculture or discussing the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ought not the father to be warned—to be put on his guard? And then came the question: Is it any part of my business to warn him or to put him on his guard? What had I to tell—supposing it were any business of mine to tell anything? I could only say that after the one o'clock closing hour I had seen his daughter talking to a certain young man. For aught I knew, or could know, the young man might simply have been asking her if there was any way of getting the gate re-opened before two o'clock. If I had been locked in there by mischance and had met the keeper's pretty daughter, I should, without hesitation or scruple, have asked her whether there was no possibility of getting out during that considerable interval which usually includes one's luncheon. Still, I could not help thinking it odd that often as I had seen Nellie Bland and my unknown Bohemian in the garden, I should never have seen them together before that day, and before that particular hour of the day.

Of course I formed a theory. The

keeper's dinner was no doubt at one o'clock. He and his daughter lived in a pretty vine-covered and ivy-covered stone cottage just outside the gates of the garden. She always accompanied her father home to dinner. But then the dinner would naturally not last very long, and the old hero would smoke his pipe, and would go back delightedly to his memories of the Balaclava Charge and the capture of the Malakoff—and of Lucknow and Delhi; and meanwhile the daughter would slip out and open

Suddenly, at the turning of the path, I came upon pretty Nellie Bland. She got red when she saw me, and she brought me to a stand.

"I beg your pardon," she said, and her tone and manner were perfectly lady-like, "I think you saw me talking to a gentleman here the other day after one o'clock?"

"Yes, Miss Bland; I happened to see you talking with a man whose appearance I know, whom I have often seen in this garden, and whom I am sure I have



He told with earnestness the story of his love for Lady Margaret.

the gate of the garden with her father's key, and steal back and leave the key on its accustomed hook, and return to the garden and have a walk and a talk with her lover. No doubt this was just the way of it. But as I did not know anything for certain, it did not seem to me quite clear that I ought to take upon myself the responsibility of personal interference. So I let things go their way—cherishing my romance meanwhile.

A day or two after, I was walking in the garden, and no doubt looking out for further developments of my romance.

met before; but that is all I know about the matter."

"You don't want to make me believe that you don't know him?"

"I know nothing at all about him but what I have told you."

"But he knows you—he told me he did—he told me your name."

I remembered a Lancashire proverb:

"There are more folks know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows," I said.

She evidently did not see the fun, and passed it over as if it had not been fun at all.

"He said he was sure you would help him."

"Help him in what?"

"Well, he has a purpose in coming here of days, and of staying while the garden is locked up."

"Yes, I guessed at that much," I answered.

"Oh!" she said with a slight blush and a very bright smile, "you thought he was coming after me, I suppose?"

"Well, if you ask me, I should say that I certainly did; and that I was not in the least surprised."

"Yes, but you come here almost every day, and you have remained during the hour of closing, and you are not coming after me?"

All this was spoken in the frankest way, and without the least apparent trace of coquetry or affectation of any kind.

"Why, no; you see I am an elderly gentleman—to put it mildly—and I have outlived that sort of thing. But he is a young man and handsome."

"All the same you are quite out of it. He is not coming here after me. He wants me to help him—and I will help him if I can."

"Help him to what?"

"To his heart's desire."

"Exactly; but what on earth is that? And, first of all, who is he?"

She replied in a tone of deepest mystery:

"He's young Lord Ranville—eldest son of the Earl of Tankerton."

My friend had her peerage at the tip of her tongue very readily and correctly, as became the daughter of one who must almost be called a public officer, or in fact an officer of State.

"Oh, that fellow!" I replied, in a more sympathetic tone. "Yes, I remember. I did know him at one time when he was a good deal younger. And now that I think of it—yes—it is Lord Ranville—but he is a good deal changed."

"Won't you help him? He says you would if you only knew. He admires all your books ever so much. Oh yes, he does! He told me so! He lent me one of them."

"Did you read it?"

"Why, of course I did. I thought it was beautiful."

"My dear girl, you do know how to get at an author's heart. Well, now tell me what does your noble friend want, and in what possible way can I assist him?"

"Well, it's this. He is in love with Lady Margaret——"

"Yes; and who is Lady Margaret?"

"Oh, don't you know? She is the youngest daughter of our old governor, the Earl of Grassford."

"What grand company I am apparently brought into!" I thought to myself. "Well, Miss Bland, let me hear all the rest."

"She is in love with him," Miss Bland said, in what was little better than a whisper, lest perhaps the small boys and the children in the perambulators should catch the revelation.

"Yes, that's all right, isn't it? What's the matter with them?"

"Oh, but Lord Grassford won't listen to a word of it. He says poor Ranville—I mean, of course, Lord Ranville—is a bad lot and hasn't any money, and—you know, all that kind of thing."

"Yes, I've written pages of that kind of thing myself."

"Well, then, you see, there you are!"

"But, my dear Miss Bland, I don't see, and I don't know where I am!"

"You see, he thought, and I thought, you could help them out of the difficulty; for he says you have described lots of ways of talking old people over, or of managing an elopement, don't you know? And as you come here every day, nobody would wonder at your talking to him, or to me, or to Lady Margaret. Oh, I am so fond of her! She was always so sweet to me since first her father came here, and we played about these gardens as children together; and though she's a grand lady and I'm only a poor keeper's daughter, why we are more like sisters than many real sisters are, and I would give my life for her if it would do her one bit of good. Good morning, sir, I am glad to see you looking better"—I did not know that I had been looking particularly bad—"I see they are going to close the gates. Do you prefer to stay in the gardens?"



"Yes; I'll stay in the gardens," I replied, in a tone of what seemed to be at least semi-indifference, but was certainly nothing of the kind. So Nellie ran her way, and I lingered longer, and the gates were closed. For, little as I understood of Nellie's story, I caught easily at her last hint. I was to remain in the gardens during the shut-in hour, and then somebody would come and tell me something, and I should perhaps get to know what the mystery was all about, and what I was expected to do. It was certainly about time that somebody should come and tell me something. I had got into a very labyrinth of puzzlement. A romance was evidently, then, weaving its sunlit cobwebs around me.

Enlightenment, such as it was, came on me before long in the person of Lord Ranville. I now saw that I ought to have recalled his face to my recollection, but I could not even yet remember where or how we had met. But I had a vague impression that my associations with him were not ungenial. He soon explained himself on that minor point.

"Morning—morning!" he said breathlessly. "You don't remember where we met first, do you? Tell you. It was at Misseri's hotel in Constantinople."

Then a memory did come back to me, and I saw him as he was then, and I recalled some genial associations.

"Yes, Lord Ranville, I quite remember you now."

"Sure you would; and don't you recollect all the jolly fellows who used to play billiards with us at the English Club?" And then he ran over a string of names, and told me that this one was killed in the Soudan, and this other had become a diplomatist of the first class, and somebody else had married an American heiress, and yet another was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was likely to rise and be a Cabinet Minister before long. And I began to remember all about it, and I remembered, too, that I had been taken with young Ranville—he was very young then—as a vivid, inconsequential, plucky, semi-romantic young fellow. I made it clear to him that I remembered all about it.

"I remembered you the first time I

saw you in this place," he said, in a sort of half-reproachful tone.

"Why on earth didn't you come up and tell me so?"

"Well, I thought you would have forgotten all about me; and you looked rather solemn, and at that time it didn't occur to me that you could be of any particular use to me—I mean to our little plot."

Oh, if every one of us would only be as frank as this, and tell us straight out that he refrained from claiming an old acquaintance because he was not quite sure that the old acquaintance could be of any particular use to him! But I did not say this to Lord Ranville. What I did say I put, however, somewhat gravely, and with a sense of the authority attaching to the much older man.

"Of what possible use," I asked, "do you think that I can be to you now?"

"Oh, haven't you heard anything—anything at all? I thought little Nellie had given you a hint?"

"Well, yes; little Nellie did give me a little hint—a very little hint. But it wasn't much to go upon. I want a much fuller explanation, and from what I may be allowed to call a more responsible authority."

"Yes—yes—I see, I see. Of course—of course—I'll tell you all about it."

Then he went into the whole story of his love for Lady Margaret, which he told with earnestness and with fire, and the story of Lady Margaret's love for him, which he told with much difficulty and very sheepishly. But it became quite clear to me that the pair had made up their minds to be married, and as the hard-hearted parent—he was a widower—would not give his consent to the marriage they had determined to run away and get married in spite of his teeth. I listened with interest, but composedly. I had heard of such things before. I had written of such things before. In fact, in my own case—but let that pass.

"I wish," he said, "you would let Margaret—Lady Margaret—talk to you about the whole affair. She is ten times cleverer than I am, and she would make it clear to you in ten minutes what we want."

"But, my dear Lord Ranville," I said, "I quite understand what you want to do, and no explanation could possibly make that any clearer. What I do not yet understand in the least is how I could possibly help you in any case; and what right in the world I should have to interfere."

"Well," he answered, somewhat uneasily, "it's just that, you know, Lady Margaret and Nellie could explain so much better than I can. It's all an idea of theirs, don't you see?"

"I don't see anything at all—at least I certainly don't see where I come in."

"Yes, but that's exactly what they do see—and that's where they come in. I tell you they can make it all quite clear to you."

There was a simple earnestness and fervour in the young man's tone and manner that had a certain fascination for me. I had wholly forgotten in my newly-awakened interest all thought of the making of a romance out of this curious little exhibition of living realism. I was only thinking about what those concerned in it could possibly expect me to do.

"Will you see Lady Margaret and Nellie?" the impetuous Ranville asked; "they won't do you any harm, don't you know."

"Of course, with the greatest pleasure, if you can't explain."

"Well, I'd rather let them explain."

"All right, I shall be too delighted." I was not delighted all the same.

"Then you remain here after the gates are closed, and they will find you out later on."

I did remain, and they did find me out. Lady Margaret was a very pretty, winsome girl, with a delightful freshness and ease of manner. She came to the point at once.

"Lord Ranville tells me," she said, "that you will be our friend and help us if you can."

"Most certainly; but what can I do?"

"Well, you can pay a little attention to me, if you don't particularly object, now and again in this garden. Sometimes you might walk with me in the hours when the gates are open, sometimes, as now, in the hours when the

gates are closed. Nellie will keep us company. I want the people here to see us; and I want my people and Nellie's father to hear about us; I want to get talked about. It can't do you any harm, you know. Your name is known to everyone, and you haven't a wife to be jealous and make a row; and you have long been in the habit of spending some of your time in this garden—and—and——"

I knew she was on the point of saying, "You are no longer young," or something of that sort; but she pulled herself up, or I pulled her up, and the melancholy, unmistakable fact remained unspoken.

"Still, I don't in the least understand how my exhibiting a hopeless affection for you would help you and Lord Ranville to get married."

"Oh, but it would, though! We have arranged it all. Ranville will go off at once to some place in Scotland and domicile himself there for the necessary number of days or weeks, or whatever it is, and will make every arrangement for the marriage, and in the meantime all suspicion will have been turned off and my people will be sure that he and I have quarrelled; and then when the right time comes Ranville will wire to you. We shall arrange a form, 'Send your letter of introduction,' or something of that kind, and then you are to run away with me!"

"To run away with you?"

"Yes, with me and my maid, as far as Euston Square, and put us into the train for the night mail. You see no one will suspect anything if you and I and Nellie are seen walking out of this garden at seven in the afternoon. Nellie's father has his eye firmly set on Lord Ranville, but he has no instructions to look after the goings-on of Nellie and you. Then, as soon as we have got fairly off the premises, Nellie will return to her home and we shall find my maid waiting for us, with a cab and my things, and you will come with us to the station and see us into a carriage, and that is all. Come, you will do this for us, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, you will do it," little Nellie added, imploringly.

"Won't it get Nellie into trouble?"

"Oh, never mind me," Nellie said buoyantly. "I can easily talk my dear old father over, once the thing is done."

"Yes," Lady Margaret added, with a bright, encouraging smile, "and I can easily talk my dear old father over, once the thing is done! Come, will you help us?"

"I can't refuse," I said unhesitatingly.

"Do you wish you could?" There was something very bewitching about her appealing look. I could not resist it.

"Well, no, if it comes to that, I don't wish it any longer."

"Shall you be here to-morrow — same hour?"

"To-morrow — same hour."

There were many to-morrows — many same hours. Lady Margaret, of course, did not come every day. But she did come often enough to make her occasional meetings with me observed by Nellie Bland's father and the few other official attendants of the garden. Nellie came and talked to me every now and then, and her sparkling eyes always conveyed glances of friendly and even affectionate confidence. When Lady Margaret and I walked together we talked of only one subject — the approaching of her complete happiness, in the bringing about of which I was playing so generous a part.

I was sometimes inclined to think that I was playing a very foolish and ridiculous part. What affair was it at all of mine? Yet I could not help being touched by the confidence this bright and pretty young woman showed in me — even when I knew most clearly that had I been twenty years younger she would not have trusted herself and her



There was something very bewitching about her appealing look. I could not resist it.

story to me with half the same amount of confidence. Well—well, is not that one of the consolations that manhood retains for the trouble of having passed its prime? Lady Margaret talked over her whole story and her whole prospects with me as if I were some loving uncle of hers who had come to her assistance in carrying through a love-project of marriage in defiance of heartless parents. It was quite clear to me that if I had been only a few years younger I should be wholly out of it for the part which Lady Margaret wanted me to play. What could be better for me than to fill such a part and to be able, by reason of my

very years, to help so charming a young woman? Why should I not be glad that I was growing old, and because of my years could help this pair of young lovers in distress?

"Won't you come and see my father some time?" Lady Margaret asked one day, after we had paced deep in talk around the pathways of the garden. I recalled with fresh interest a line from Edgar Allan Poe's beautiful poem "To Helen":

"Ah, bear in mind that garden was enchanted!"

"I shall be delighted," I said, "after, I think, but not before."

"After what?"

"After your marriage, of course."

"But why not before?"

"Because I think I am entering into a sort of conspiracy against him."

"Oh, but it will all come right," she said energetically. "The moment my father really sees that my heart is set on my marriage with Lord Ranville he will consent to everything—and he will like you the better for having helped us out with it."

"Then—yes—but certainly not now."

"Do you know that he asked me about you last night?"

"No, I have not the least idea."

"Yes, he did. Nellie's father had told him that I had made your acquaintance, and he asked why I did not bring you to see him, or ask you to dinner, or something. He has read your books, and he is very anxious to meet you and to have a talk. He says he is sure you and he have a great many ideas in common."

"Dear Lady Margaret," I began—

"Am I really dear to you?" she asked, "really and truly?"

"Yes, indeed, you are; that is why I want to help you in your marriage with Lord Ranville."

"How kind and sweet you are!" she said, and that with a burst of enthusiasm which showed me at once how much her heart was set on Lord Ranville, and what a sincere regard she had for me as an elderly champion and accomplice in her plot against her father.

But I explained I should not like just at present to see Lord Grassford.

"Yes, I think I understand," she murmured.

"You see I am abetting you now against him. Once you have your heart's desire you can get my pardon from him."

So we parted for the hour. I saw her and I saw Nellie for a few moments now and again. We had hardly any serious talk until the time came for making definite and practical arrangements. We were all—we three—although without acknowledged interchange of ideas on the subject, waiting for the time when some mysterious and to all appearance unmeaning telegram should reach me.

In the meantime I could not help thinking as I meandered and mooned through the garden that it would have been very delightful if I could have gone back twenty years in life and made love to Lady Margaret on my own account. For then, I said to myself, Lord Ranville would be only ten years old, and so he would not have cared three straws for any girl, and would not have been in the least jealous, and I should have been doing him no unfriendly act, and could have no remorse of conscience. But then it was borne in upon my mind that under these conditions Lady Margaret would be only eight years old, and the question of love-making could not arise. So, on the whole, as the question of love-making could not arise, it was quite as well that things should remain just as they were; especially seeing that I could not possibly make them anything other than as they were.

At last—at last—I received one morning a telegram at my lodgings which bore upon the common enterprise. It was certainly short enough:

"Your friend had better take Helensburgh steamer."

It puzzled me at first, but I soon thought it out. Yes, Ranville had made his arrangements at Helensburgh, near Glasgow, and there he was to await my friend. I knew that the very fact of his giving no date meant that my friend must go on at once, and that we might count on his taking good care to meet her at the station. There was nothing better to be done now than to catch the evening train for Glasgow. I hurried over

to the gardens and walked about there a good deal before I saw even Nellie. After a while she came into the gardens, and we quite accidentally crossed each other's path.

"Good-day, Miss Bland," I said. "Are you any good at reading riddles or making out acrostics, or puzzles, or that sort of thing?"

"Oh, no, not the least in the world; but what is puzzling you?"

"Only a telegram I have got from a queer chap in Scotland, and I can't quite make

out what he means. Look here, this is what he says."

She took the telegram, and glanced over it with curious eyes.



I saw the bills of the London papers adorned with huge letters telling of "Elopement in High Life."

"Is there a steamer called Helensburgh?" she asked very anxiously.

"I don't know; but there is a place called Helensburgh, near Glasgow."

"Oh! Are you staying here?"

"For the present, yes."

"All right," and she disappeared.

I had not long to remain in solitude. Lady Margaret soon came, and we talked the matter over. The interpretation of the telegram was obvious now to all three of us. Lady Margaret and her maid were to leave town that night by the Glasgow mail from Euston, and make their way to Helensburgh. Lord Ranville would, of course, take it for granted that no unavoidable delay would be allowed to interpose.

And now there came a change; not in Lady Margaret's feelings, but in her immediate anxieties. She saw clearly enough to the safe accomplishment of her heart's desire, and therefore her anxiety for the moment was how to save her father from any avoidable prolonged trouble or fear about her. She put aside altogether the old-fashioned projects of a story about visiting an aunt in the country or spending a night with the family of some school friend in town. She wanted to put the reality of the thing at once before her father, and have the first stroke of pain over. Therefore it was arranged that she should write a letter to her father, telling him that she was determined to marry Lord Ranville, praying for his forgiveness, saying that it would be futile for him to try to prevent her, for the marriage would be over long before he could possibly find out where she was, and adding many genuine words of love and penitence. This letter I was to leave at Lord Grassford's after the time had arrived for the departure of the train. In the meantime

she and I were to walk out of the gardens quietly about half-past seven o'clock and make for the station, independent of the maid and the cab. The maid and the cab were to get to the station in their own way. All of which came to pass.

Having seen Lady Margaret off and made sure that the train was gone, I drove to Lord Grassford's and merely handed in the letter for him. Then to avoid inconvenient questionings I took a late train to Brighton and put up at the Metropole there, and looked out with eager interest for further developments. Nothing happened the first day. On the evening of the second day I saw the bills of the London papers adorned with huge letters telling of "Elopement in High Life!" "Romantic Affair in Chesterfield Gardens!" "Lochinvar in London!" "The Old Lord's Daughter and the Young Lord's Wife!" and other such attractive and varied announcements. A few days after I read that "Lord and Lady Ranville are spending their honeymoon on the Continent, after which the newly-wedded pair will return to make some stay at the house of the bride's father, Lord Grassford, at Chesterfield Gardens, S.W."

Let me not be supposed to convey the idea that the newly-married pair had, in their happiness, forgotten me. I heard from them often while they were abroad, and when they returned I made, through them, the pleasure of the acquaintance of Lord Grassford. So I had three new friends instead of two. But Lord Grassford good-humouredly grumbled at the fact that for days and days the whole attention of London had been rivetted on the once quiet gardens. "Serves you all right," he said, "if you can never take a quiet walk there again!"

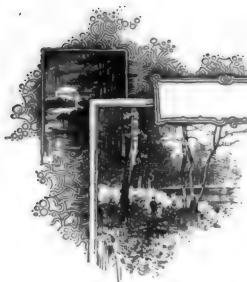




MISTRESS  
DUE  
A BALLAD

I

in in love sweet Mistress Due.  
Sooth I cant conceal it;  
My poor heart is broke in two.  
Only you can heal it.  
Youve a farm with stacks and mows  
Acres three times twenty.  
Sheep and oxen, duck and cow,  
Men and maidens plenty.  
My poor heart is broke in two,  
All for love, for love of you.



## HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

### THE POLISH NOVELIST'S JUBILEE.

By T. W. WILBY.

IT was in that charming Polish health-resort, Zakopane, nestling amid the picturesque surroundings of a lofty mountain range, that I first met the great Polish romancer. Every year finds Henryk Sienkiewicz plying his indefatigable pen there until the season has waned and the swallow has commenced the long Southern flight. Then Henryk Sienkiewicz also wings his flight—it may be to Kaltenlentgeben, or as in this year of grace to that centre of Polish life, Warsaw. Twenty-five years of uninterrupted literary activity reach their end in this month of snows and hibernal frosts; and Warsaw is making itself en fête as it were to celebrate the novelist's jubilee in fitting fashion.

This year I met the man of the hour in Poland in his villa retreat at Kaltenlentgeben. Nature had put on its russet garb. All was quiet, save for the few stragglers who yawned lazy but indignant protest against the right of the season to take French leave and compel them to pack themselves off to the town again. Most of the villas were closed, the windows covered up as if for the long winter sleep. The "Air" park was empty, and nothing remained of the joyous life that had reigned during the summer months. In the great barrack-like Moriz-Hof, everything appeared to be under the spell of the hundred years' sleep. Only the cool autumn wind made music between the trees, shaking off the faded leaves, and the spray of the cas-

cades scattered itself in a sad monotone over the marble basins of the fountains.

It was with genuine old-Polish hospitality and heartiness that the distinguished author led the way into his comfortable study. Sienkiewicz surrounds himself with a burgher-like comfort and nothing more. There seems to be a studied intent to avoid the outward expression of luxury, and to emphasise the purely literary and artistic side of Poland's greatest and most industrious fiction-writer. Polish books and compendious musty tomes in every nook and cranny! These are the historical sources upon which Sienkiewicz draws from time to time.

Then numerous copies of his recent romance "Quo Vadis," whose keynote is an intellectual and ethical renaissance, and the wonderfully cheap popular edition of his historical novel-trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Storm-Flood," and "Monsieur Wolodyjowski," the rights for which that well-known patron of art, the banker Wawelberg, has purchased for 30,000 roubles for the purposes of popular education. The yellow covers of a book betray a French origin. It is by Anatole France, the favourite Gallic author of Sienkiewicz.

It is a lovely, cloudless autumn day, and the mellowed rays of the sun fall upon the desk near the window. Here Sienkiewicz has worked for many a day upon his long-expected jubilee romance, which has kept his co-nationalists in a



constant fever of expectation. The last sheets of MS. lie before me—small white paper slips bedecked with a delicate but legible caligraphy that shows very little evidence of correction or revision. It is "The Crusaders," and the first parts have already been given to the world in serial form through the columns of Polish and German newspapers. I

pelled to retouch, alter, and file what I write," he said.

But Sienkiewicz may fairly be said to libel himself here. He never commits himself to print at least before the plot, the composition, and the historical mould in which it has to be cast, to say nothing of the prominent characters, are clearly marked out. Everything is finished, in

fact, beforehand—he has but to write it as Sheridan said of his plays; and Sienkiewicz testified to me with a frank naïveté that this point gave him no difficulty whatever. Whether this jubilee novel has marked a new era in the literary development of Sienkiewicz, whether it has formed a new leaf in the laurel wreath which fame has crowned him with, are questions still busy-ing the numerous admirers of Sienkiewicz, and the Polish critic finds little or no rest for his captious pen. For Sienkiewicz's name is indelibly associated with



Henryk Sienkiewicz, the famous Pole who wrote "Quo Vadis."

wondered at the courage of the author in publishing the first part of his novels long ere the denouement had been reached, and ventured to express my thoughts aloud.

Sienkiewicz smiled: "Oh, it has become an invariable habit of mine to do so; otherwise I should always be com-

modern Polish literature.

He has, in fact, won for it a place in the wider field of cosmopolitan literature. There are, indeed, very few nations who delight to do such unqualified honour to their illustrious men as the Poles. The Norwegians are, perhaps, the sole exception. The words of

the Warsaw Archbishop, "*La Pologne ne raisonne pas, elle sent*," are as true to-day as when they were uttered. The heroes of the Poles are rather those who reflect the national aspirations of the race, who arouse their imaginations, and whose magic touch can conjure up the mighty figures of the past and place the whole nation under their spell. Time was when Matejko was their Merlin—now they have a Sienkiewicz. Matejko summoned to his canvas the most tragically glorious moments from out of the past—Sienkiewicz gave us in his "*Carbon Sketches*" the still life of the peasant, in the "*Old Servant*" the patriarchal family life, and in his well-known trilogy of romances the whole of the 17th century with its civil wars and Cossack fights, its culture and diction, encircled in a frame lovely in its colour-glories, and left it as a legacy to the future more enduring than stone or canvas. In "*The Crusaders*," we have unrolled before us a weighty page from out of the days of Poland's greatness, full of fame and honour. The whole of the 14th century is brought vividly to our minds by the living plasticity of his exquisite drawing and the supreme charm of his language. But that prophetic band which predicted in this scarcely begun "*Crusaders*" the promise of the "*tendenz*" romancer, whose hand was directed against Bismarck's Germanising policy in Posen, have sadly mistaken his artistic mission. Contrary to all his predecessors, especially to Kaczkowski and Kraszewski, he holds himself aloof from all party feeling. His novels are objective and free from political motive, while the harmony of the whole is never disturbed by the disharmonies of life's daily events. Also he is never didactic, nor does he give us the benefit of his reflections—he simply relates or depicts, and his language flows from him smoothly, softly, betraying a sensuous delight in form and colour and touching the tenderest strings in the life of the human soul.

It was during an American tour, when Sienkiewicz felt an irresistible longing to return to the scenes of his childhood, that the idea of his "*Carbon Sketches*"

became a reality. The peasant Rzepora, the heroine of the story, is the pearl of all his feminine creations. She has, in fact, only one prototype in ancient or modern literature — Imogene. Within the narrow compass of this novel, the author tells us in the language of irony and bitterest satire the lamented conditions prevalent in the village, where the benighted and uneducated peasant falls an easy victim in his helplessness to the machinations of sly notaries or the cunning officials of rustic Bumbledom. The peasant Rzepa is no exception. It is the turn of the village magistrate's son to serve in the army as a conscript, but a substitute must be found, and Rzepa, with his senses steeped to oblivion in the intoxicating cup, signs the fatal document. Of its invalidity there is no question, but to the unreceptive peasant mind it has a binding power, and he awaits his fate stolidly and resignedly. Now commences the mission of the heroic peasant wife. She appeals in vain for help—she is ignored and scorned, even repulsed. Only one can help her, the notary. He has the document, and can destroy it. The price is—her honour. Even that she gives him—the peasant wife is devoid of the power of reflection, she can only feel, and her love is great, boundless. It nerves and steels her, and her ignorant, clouded spirit can face even martyrdom for her husband's sake. It is late as she returns home, to die under the blows of the avenging axe of the man she had saved.

Twenty-five years have passed over the village author since then. The man who lived and worked but to enlighten and raise the simple peasant folk has in the meantime extended his literary sphere far beyond the narrow confines of his native haunts. And in his upward progress, his path has always been strewn with roses. All his creations were hailed by the entire united nation with a shout of jubilation, and foreign countries generously re-echoed that shout. In England, we have had many of his works reproduced; and his English and American publishers are giving to the Anglo-Saxon world an edition de luxe of his collective novels.

## WHO WAS THE MURDERER ?

BY TRISTRAM K. MONCK.

"To Herbert Maynard, Esq.,  
"Superintendent Police,  
"Bombay.

"Sir,—

"His Highness the Nawab of Bhopal, having heard of your sagacity in unravelling intricate mysteries, would esteem it an honour if you would come to Bhopal and solve a mystery which is of a particularly painful nature to him.

"I respectfully urge an immediate departure, and beg you will spare no necessary expense which may ensure your prompt arrival.

"Faithfully yours,

"BIKRAM SINGH,

"Secretary to His Highness the Nawab of Bhopal."

Such was the letter which Herbert Maynard found waiting for him on his breakfast table, as he strolled in his pyjamas on to the verandah of his bungalow.

"Whew!" he whistled. "The old boy knows how to butter a fellow up when he wants to get something out of him. Can't be done though. . . . I'm a bally detective at the beck and call of my Government, and not at his. I'll tell him that he had better apply to Slater."

So saying he sat down and poured himself out a cup of coffee, which he was about to drink, when his superior in Bombay came on to the verandah.

"Morning, Maynard. Sorry to intrude in this graceless manner, but the importance of my mission must be my excuse for so early a call."

"Don't apologise, Winsleigh. Sit down and have a cup of coffee!"

"Thanks, I have had my breakfast. Here's a cypher message from Whitehall

to you, which has just come through," said Winsleigh, handing his host an envelope. "It's in Code 31!"

Maynard ripped open the envelope, and taking out the sheet it contained, read as follows:

"To Herbert Maynard, Esq.,  
"Assistant Superintendent Police,  
"Bombay.

"Proceed at once to Bhopal and discover facts about succession of present Nawab. On no account make any delay, and report concisely at earliest possible moment. Wire when starting."

"You, of course, know the contents of this, Winsleigh?" said Maynard, tossing over the paper to the Superintendent.

"I can guess them," replied Winsleigh, taking up the paper and scanning it rapidly. "I guessed as much. . . . You see, Maynard, I received a long wire from headquarters this morning too, anent the Bhopal business, so, not being quite an ass, and guessing that you were the sort of man they required for a crisis like the present one, it was fairly easy to gauge the contents of that telegram."

Maynard laughed good-humouredly.

"That little affair in the Johore brought me a lot of notoriety," said he. "But you mentioned the fact of there being a crisis, Winsleigh. Trot it out, man! This is the first I've heard of it. What is the said crisis?"

"It's about the succession of the Nawab of Bhopal."

"So I've just gathered from the wire, though it never mentioned a word about a crisis," said Maynard. "But why the Government wants me to suddenly dis-

cover facts about a man who has reigned for five years with exemplary piety, according to a native's lights, is quite beyond my ken!"

"Oh! this is a new Nawab of two weeks' standing," said Winsleigh. "You see the Home Government does not quite know what happened to Nawab No. 1 to cause his death, and therefore is most anxious to find out if he died naturally, a worthy object which Downing Street is determined to further. The Viceroy is hot on it. It is superfluous my suggesting that you should be discretion personified."

"That he could give no cause for the Nawab's death. His Highness was an exceptionally hale man of fifty, who had not known a day's illness in his life, 'and had a heart so strong as to be hardly human,' so MacNeil says."

"No exterior sign of violence, of course?"

"None, from what I can gather," said Winsleigh, rising. "By the way, anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes, keep my departure as dark as possible, and you might wire to Calcutta and the Colonial Office for me, and say that I am leaving for Bhopal

to-morrow. . . .

Stay though!

. . . I'll go to-day. That's all, old man, and thanks a thousand times!"

"All right, lots of luck. It will be a big thing for you if you manage to carry this off as well as you did that Johore affair," said Winsleigh cheerily as he left the room.

Late that afternoon Maynard left Bombay for Bhopal. His departure,



"Here's a cypher message from Whitehall."

"So the old man is dead, is he? . . . Is not Dr. MacNeil hunting somewhere up in Bhopal?"

"Yes, he is. And it's owing to his report that all this bobbery is being raised. You see, MacNeil saw the old Nawab about five minutes after he was dead."

"Ah!" remarked Maynard thoughtfully. "This is interesting. By the way, what was MacNeil's report? Do you know the text of it?"

"Not verbatim, but I know the gist of it."

"Which is . . . ?" Maynard remarked enquiringly.

as far as the general public was concerned, was a sealed letter, the report having been judiciously spread abroad by Winsleigh that his subordinate was down with the plague, at that time very prevalent in the Bombay Presidency. As a natural consequence, the supposed tainted bungalow was shunned, whilst the native servants either could not, or would not, tell what was the matter with their master, till interest in Maynard's complaint at last died a natural death. In the meantime Maynard had arrived at Bhopal, and was duly received with great cordiality by the new Nawab Sutlej Su.

"Welcome, Feringhee of an illustrious nation," said he cordially. "Salaam not to me, I pray you! Should two persons who are equally great bow thus to one another? I think not! I expect great things of you, illustrious Feringhee, and trust that you will be able to prove that my beloved uncle died in peace. Still, as MacNeil Sahib casts our doubts that he met his end by foul means, I sent for the cleverest man in the Hindostan to prove that Suttlej Su died as all men must, or else to fix the guilt of his death on the rightful man, so that I may wreak my vengeance on him, for by Buddha he dies!"

After which florid speech Suttlej Su motioned Maynard to be seated on an adjacent lounge, and settling himself among the cushions of his divan said:

"My uncle—may his ashes never be disturbed by the vultures of time!—died in the middle of the night, from no cause whatsoever, so the learned MacNeil Sahib says. But he is a fool, for how is it possible for a man to die from no cause whatever? There must always be one, if only from lack of breath. Suttlej Su bore no sign of outward or inward injury, neither did the autopsy reveal traces of poison, disease, or anything which could account for his death. I said it was the will of Buddha which made my uncle die, but the learned doctor only shrugged his shoulders by way of reply. . . . But perhaps you would like to see him, he might perhaps aid you in your method of solving the present mystery."

"Thanks, your Highness, I should like to see Dr. MacNeil. By the way, do you personally think that Suttlej Su has been murdered?"

Maynard glanced enquiringly at the native potentate.

"It is possible, Sahib," said the Nawab affably. "Suttlej Su had many

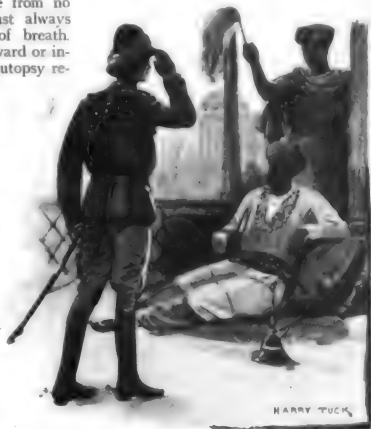
enemies, though it seems strange to me that any person should say that my uncle met a violent end, when there are no signs of same. However, that, Sahib, is for you to find out, and whatever may be your decision, you will not find me ungrateful."

The Nawab rang a handbell, signifying that the audience was at an end, and in answer to it a tall, sinister-looking native appeared, who led the way to Dr. MacNeil's apartments.

"Maynard, by the powers!" exclaimed the doctor in surprise.

"Didn't you hear I was coming?" enquired Maynard, shaking hands heartily with the Irish medico.

"Faith, lad, where am I to hear it from, at all?" laughed MacNeil, as the native retired. "Headquarters are mighty unconcerned about my ever getting a scrap of news, and the Nawab is as mum as a fish since my verdict on the old boy's death! . . . And what have you come here for?"



"Salaam not to me, I pray you!"

"To discover how the old Nawab died."

"Faith, my boy, isn't that what I've been trying to do for the past fortnight? And by the powers, my lad, I'm as far off the truth as ever I was."

"That sounds cheerful for me, MacNeil. What is your opinion of the Nawab's death?"

"I believe he was murdered!"

"Ah! tell me, have you any idea how he died?" asked Maynard carelessly, rolling himself up a cigarette.

"Faith, you've cornered me there."

"Now, tell me frankly, MacNeil, did you find any traces of poison?"

"No! That's the devil of the thing," answered MacNeil.

"And yet you aver with positiveness that the Nawab has been murdered?"

"Not a shadow of a doubt, my lad," replied the medico sturdily. "Now, I put it to you, is it natural for a man whose lungs are as sound as a bell, who has a strength equal to a small-sized ox, and whose heart is a phenomenally sound one, to pop off in a night to other climes and leave no trace as to how he did the trick?"

"You've some clue—some theory?"

"Ah! my boy, the manner in which His Highness met his death is for you to discover. But, man, you are not a novice at this game, and the investigations which you have made into other affairs of this kind have always borne fruit, so I have not the slightest doubt that you will be able to throw light on this case."

Maynard smiled enigmatically as he lighted his cigarette.

"Thanks, MacNeil, for the praise," he said quietly. "But to business. I want you to show me the way to the sleeping apartment of the late Nawab. It has been left precisely as it was when he died, I hope?"

MacNeil nodded an affirmative. Then, as he proceeded to lead the way to the chamber in question, remarked:

"Faith, I took good care of that, for I thought someone would be sent up here to investigate."

The deceased Nawab's room was a large and airy apartment, the walls of

which were largely decorated with heavy Oriental draperies, redolent of perfume. The bed, or rather divan, was surrounded, after the manner of the old-fashioned four-posters, with heavy draperies suspended from the ceiling by massive chains of brass. Apart from this, the room was destitute of furniture, save for the presence of a long species of couch which ran round two sides of the chamber, and a tiny metal table bearing on its surface a golden goblet and a tiny metal lamp.

"Faith, if you find a clue here, you're a marvel!" said the Irishman. "No use looking at the goblet, I've scratched away at the interior of that until I'm sick of it, and analysed the said scrapings till I'm tired of the subject of poison."

Maynard smiled at his companion's verbosity.

"You won't think me rude, old man," he said, "but for a moment I want to be quite alone. I'm odd, I know, but when I'm clue-hunting I must have solitude!"

MacNeil nodded, and left the room. As soon as he was alone, Maynard pulled back the curtains, and was about to draw aside the silken bed-hangings when his eye fell on the body of a dead mouse, which lay in the middle of the bed. Taking the diminutive animal up by the tail, he approached the window and carefully examined it. The survey revealed nothing; its limpness showed that life had not long been extinct, though the faint odour emitted from the carcase was somewhat in contradiction to the theory of a recent decease.

The goblet was examined next, but that also failed to throw any light on the affair, for beyond its inner surface showing sundry scratches, the result of MacNeil's investigations, it was like any other goblet of its kind.

Once more Maynard inspected the bed, but without result, till at last he left the room in disgust with the dead mouse in his hand.

As the day wore on his head became somewhat painful, whilst a strange, uncontrollable somnolence stole over him, against which he battled bravely for an hour without avail, for when the Irish medico burst into his room a couple of



Its limpness showed that life had not long been extinct.

hours later, he discovered Maynard lying like a log against some cushions.

A shake failing to arouse him, MacNeil soaked some stuff in a ewer of water and applied it suddenly to Maynard's face, which had the desired effect of arousing him.

"By the powers, but you're a beauty to do the 'tec' work of her Majesty's Government!" cried the medico gaily; then added severely, staring surprisedly into Maynard's eyes, "My boy, take my tip and give up chloral."

"Chloral?" exclaimed Maynard, surprised, then he lapsed into thought for a few moments, from which he emerged by saying thoughtfully:

"Do you think it will finish me some day, doctor?"

"It plays the devil with any man," replied the Irishman frankly. "But, come, have you found out anything fresh?"

"I have, and I haven't, so to speak. But, to wander from the subject, I've been making a little experiment. There, see that mouse on that cushion?" pointing to the diminutive rodent stretched on the divan beside him. "Yes, that's it! I want you to tell me what I killed it with!"

MacNeil took up the little animal and inspected it carefully.

"As you say that you killed it, I have no hesitation in saying that you poisoned it, and the only poison which would produce an effect like this is curari. Am I correct?" Then dropping the mouse with a laugh, he added, "Had you not said that you had compassed its end, I should have said that the mouse died naturally. You know that curari is almost impossible to trace. Were it more common than it is, I have not the slightest doubt but that it would be used extensively by poisoners, who, in nearly every instance, could murder without ever being brought to justice."

"You are right, doctor. It is curari. Tell me, is not curari a painless death?"

"Instantaneous deaths are rarely painful," said MacNeil. "Curari has an action very similar to a poison made in Thibet, called by a name something like 'bagi,' only whereas curari is a pasty liquid, this 'bagi' is a dust. The Thibetians, when they desire to poison some enemy, mix it with the pollen of some flower or other, which when smelt enters the nostrils!"

"It ensures a speedy death, does it not?" exclaimed Maynard, becoming suddenly interested.

"That depends upon the quantity which is inhaled. As a rule it produces torpor and a heavy sleep, which is not dangerous if the victim does not go on inhaling the poison. Of course, the Thibetian murderer is careful that his victim continues to inhale enough to kill him!"

"Is it rare, or is it common enough to be fairly easily obtained?"

"The product is extremely rare—and, I may say, almost impossible to obtain. Its manufacture is a secret most jealously guarded by the chief Llama, and to my certain knowledge only one outside person has ever been able to get it," re-

plied the medico nonchalantly. "By the . . ."

"And is the effect of it difficult to trace?" interrupted Maynard.

"Very; far more difficult than that produced by curari," answered MacNeil. "Say, why are you so curious about all this?"

"Because toxicology is my hobby," replied Maynard quietly. "And now,

Tying a stout cord round its middle, and securing its legs, not without difficulty, with string, he carried the rodent into the room of the dead Nawab, and flinging it on the bed carefully drew the curtains. Throwing the window wide open, he stayed looking out over the undulating plains of Bhopal for close on twenty minutes, then once more approaching the bed, tore back the curtains, and took up the rat.

*It was stone dead and limp, as the mouse had been!*

A peculiar smile flitted over Maynard's face as he flung the rodent out of the window, then going straight to MacNeil's room, entered it abruptly.

"I want you to find me a palace official whom you can trust, as I can yourself," he said quietly, yet with a latent excitement apparent in his voice.

"I can find fifty that answer that description, my boy. And, faith, if it's against the Nawab you want them to be, I can lay my hands on a thousand in the city alone."

"One is sufficient. Go with him to the Nawab's chamber, and wait there till I come."

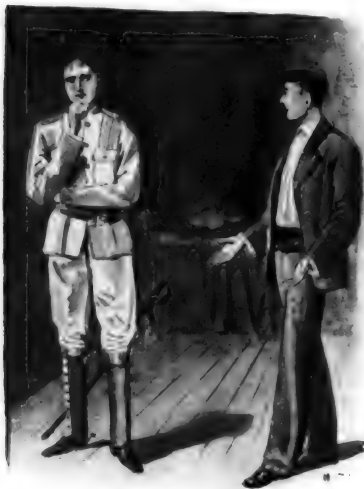
"It's meself who is your man!" cried MacNeil excitedly. "Have you found . . . ?"

"Kindly act, and don't question me yet awhile," replied Maynard briefly.

"I will tell you all inside twenty minutes."

So saying, he hurriedly left the chamber, going in the direction of the late Nawab's apartment.

By a good fortune which he had not expected, Maynard met the Nawab not half a dozen paces from the room which had been set apart for him in the palace. Without an instant's thought, he dived his hand into his pocket, took out a revolver, and pressed the muzzle against the Ruler's temple.



"And now, doctor, till I have finished my investigations, I must ask to be alone."

doctor, till I have finished my investigations, I must ask to be alone."

MacNeil shrugged his shoulders, and left the room in dudgeon, whilst Maynard, utterly undisturbed by the doctor's passing irritation, left the palace soon after his departure, in search of a rat or some such small rodent. His search was crowned with success, for he soon managed to obtain a rather large and fierce specimen from a water-carrier.



"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded the native potentate furiously.

"It means, friend, that if you utter a cry for help, I will blow your brains to perdition," said Maynard coolly. "Kindly walk in the direction of the late Nawab's death-chamber. I am taking away this revolver from your head, because it is a strain on my arm; meanwhile you will be pleased to remember that I am close behind, and that at so close a range I am extremely unlikely to miss my aim, if by any act of yours you compel me to fire."

"You shall answer for this!" hissed the Nawab. "Before the sun has sunk to rest, you shall know that in Bhopal I am master."

"Kindly walk on!"

"By Buddha!" cried the Nawab furiously, stepping swiftly towards Maynard, to recoil the next instant before the gleaming barrel of the revolver covering his head. "Curse you!" he hissed. "You are master now! But wait!—wait!"

With which remark he turned on his heel and walked sullenly towards the chamber indicated.

Sutlej Su started on seeing MacNeil and a chamberlain of his household, Rao Dhu by name, waiting in the room. The

sight caused him to stop abruptly, and turning haughtily to face Maynard, he exclaimed with a majesty which almost cowed his listener:

"I am here, Feringhee; now kindly explain the meaning of this outrage!"

"Your Highness asked me to tell you how the late Nawab met with his death."

"Well?"

"I have found out! The late Nawab was murdered! . . . And his murderer was . . . you!"

The dark eyes of the Nawab glowed dangerously.

"By Buddha! Unsay those words, or you perish! Unsay those words, I say, you spawn of a Pariah!" cried the potentate fiercely. "Or one word of mine will cause you to be rent limb from limb, you accurst of Vishnu!"

"You will not shout, I think," said Maynard coolly, pressing the muzzle of his weapon against the native's forehead. "You will, I fancy, not do anything so rash, knowing full well that such a course of action would bring about your instant death. I repeat, your Highness was the murderer of the late Nawab—if not the actual, the instigator!"

"You lie!"

"Your Highness is too excited to know exactly what he says," said Maynard steelily. "I suggest that you take a short sleep on the couch there."

"I refuse!" retorted the native ruler, angrily. "I am no child to be thus ordered! I am the Nawab of Bhopal."

"Whilst I am the Nawab of the Nawab of Bhopal," smiled Maynard sardonically. "Come, your Highness, lie down on that bed till both your



"Curse you!" he hissed. "You are master now But wait!—wait!"

brain and speech are clearer, or I shoot!"

The Nawab glanced wildly about him, at the immovable features of his chamberlain, at the barrel of Maynard's revolver, at the determined face behind it, and, finally, at the bed.

"Mercy, Sahib!" he suddenly cried, flinging his pride to the winds and falling on his knees. "Mercy! I cannot lie down on that bed!"

"Lie down on it!" thundered Maynard, glancing scornfully at the grovelling wretch.

"I dare not! I will not! Curse you! it means death!" shrieked the grovelling potentate, his bronzed face assuming a dull slaty hue.

"You are right! It does! Stand up, you self-declared assassin!" exclaimed Maynard measuredly. "For it was you who dusted, or ordered those curtains to be dusted with the fatal poison of the Llamas! I denounce you as the looked-for murderer, and in denouncing you, my mission here is ended."

The Nawab staggered to his feet.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Proclaim your guilt to the people, who will judge you according to their law," replied Maynard frigidly. "You know what that means in Bhopal?"

"It means death!" cried the Nawab wildly. "Spare me! Spare me! Extend to me a little mercy, and you can ask what you will of me. I am rich—

far richer than you can dream. Your silence on this matter will make you richer than the Great White Queen. . . ."

"Your Highness is aware that the fate of murderers is a hard one in Bhopal—that your son would not be allowed to reign if your crime were found out!" interrupted Maynard, in steely, measured accents. "This would involve a complicated situation, which at the present moment would prove the reverse of agreeable to England. If I deliver you up to your subjects, you would be sewn up in raw hides, impaled, and exposed to the sun! It is a painful death that, your Highness!" Maynard paused, then added reflectively: "There is another way by which you could make your exit from this world, of course, a far easier one. Then your son would reign!"

"Which is . . . ?" said the Nawab hoarsely.

"I think," replied Maynard significantly, "that your Highness needs rest."

The Nawab glanced steadily at his executioner and judge.

"Perhaps it will prove the easiest," replied he, for the first time regaining his self-possession. "Feringhee, I thank you for the choice."

Then going to the bed, he lay down and closed the curtains.

Ten minutes elapsed, then Maynard, drawing aside the curtains, glanced at the figure reclining amid the cushions.

It was motionless, and, like the mouse, was strangely limp.



## SPANISH ARTS AND CRAFTS.

BY G. S. FERDINANDO.

LARGE numbers of tourists set out annually for Italy, and, in fact, for almost every part of Europe except Spain, the old bugbear of dirty and uncomfortable hotels, extortionate charges, bad cooking and slow travelling still clinging with wonderful tenacity to the public idea. On this point it will be sufficient to say in a few words that if

plazas and well-built streets leading by a handsome promenade to the beach upon which roll in unbroken lines the magnificent billows of the Atlantic. San Sebastian is essentially a town of pleasure, and no trade worthy of mention is carried on there.

"Dear old Madrid," is the term more often than not used by those who have



A pair of Alcora Plaques.

at any time Spain was really as bad as is generally supposed, a completely different order of things now prevails.

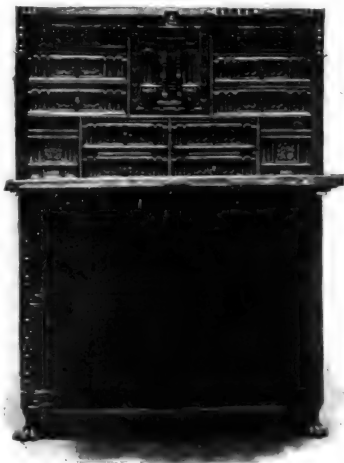
Entering Spain by Irun in the Sud Express from Paris, Madrid may be reached in thirty-five hours. The first place of importance to attract is San Sebastian, the fashionable summer residence of the Spanish Court, its shady

been at the Spanish capital any length of time. Its cafés are cool and shady, its churches are amongst the finest in Spain, the broad promenades, such as La Puerta del Sol, leading into the glorious old park, the finest in the world. Generally speaking, Madrid is a very pleasant place indeed. It is thoroughly Spanish, and the true heart or pulse of the Spanish nation.

The grand Museo is a veritable home of art, so well ordered and arranged, and in such a delightfully small compass that the weariness that one feels in other institutions of the kind is never felt here. In the Museo the student of art will see Velasquez and Murillo at their best. The pleasure of seeing and studying the glorious works of these two masters alone would compensate for a dozen visits to this grand collection, to say nothing of Ribera with his vivid representation of the old days and fine pictures of the Saints, Zubaran and Alonso Cano, Antonio Moro, Goya, Lopez, and others. Velasquez is generally regarded as an artist who painted a few stiff, gloomy portraits in an equally hard, gloomy style, and it is an astonishing apparition to see him as he really is. In landscape and animal study he is equally true and life-like. All the world knows something of his portraits without being in the least in a position to realise how true and real they are to the originals. Here we see his almost superhuman studies of character, "Los Borrachos," "Las Hilanderas," or the "Vista de la Calle de la Reina En Aranjuez," showing marvellous power of composition and masterly gradation of tone in light and shadow. Murillo stands forth in his virgins, saints, and crucifixions as the great religious painter that he was. De-

vout in purpose and idea, true and tender in execution, he may best be judged by his "Niños de la Concha" and his "Adoration of the Shepherds," showing as they do his perfections and shortcomings with his delicate conception of human and divine character. The Academia of San Fernando in the "Calle Alcala" must not be missed, containing as it does Murillo's famous "El Tiñoso" and the two great companion paintings,

also some fine Riberas, an excellent "Crucifixion" by Alonso Cano, a Rubens, and some good Zubarans, with a few sketches by Goya. A visit to the Armeria Real will be repaid by a view of the finest collection of armour in the whole world. Crossing the threshold of this hall of the dead, the past that engulfs the best and worst that Spain has ever been or done, rises up. They are all here, Carlos VI. in the very suit of armour worn at the



A 18th Century Cabinet (open).

Battle of Muhlberg, his camp utensils and the litter in which finally he was carried. Here also at hand is John of Saxony, his prisoner upon the same field of Muhlberg, and the tools and habits of his remarkable son Felipe Segundo, who has left his stamp upon Spanish art to this very day.

There is much more to be seen in Madrid. The great obelisk of the Dos de Mayo, near the entrance to the Park, was erected in memory of the Murat Mas-



Charity.

*From the painting by Dr. Parada y Santin.*

sacre of 1808. A peep into the famous church San Francisco el Grande will give one a very fair idea of Spanish painters and architects during the past twenty-five years, and cannot fail to impress with its beautiful frescoes and imposing finish. It would require volumes to mention even the most important places in Spain, and with regret we must pass Segovia, with its glorious Pancerbo or Hoyo Gorges, and some of the most enchanting scenery Spain can offer. Toledo, one of the few Spanish cities which still seems to cling to a long-forgotten past, hugging within itself its memories and tales of bloody religious persecution, is situated a short distance from Madrid. Rapine and misfortune have swept over her with relentless fury for centuries, leaving her blighted but not destroyed. Toledo is faithful to the past; for her the curtain will never rise again; she is forgotten. The narrow, tortuous streets and solid buildings, doubtless originally erected for defence and shelter, add a charm and interest to the place which cling to us long after we have left it far behind. Vargas, in the province of Toledo, was, from the 14th to the 16th centuries, famous for the making of that quaint old furniture, particularly the chairs and cabinets which are mostly

seen in the convents and houses of Spanish nobility, and of which very few good examples remain. Toledo herself has been the home of the steel industry in Spain for centuries, especially the manufacture of steel blades, the quality of which is well known throughout the whole world. Curious and valuable pieces of pottery are also occasionally found there, being the remains of a once flourishing industry.

The Roman succeeded the Jew and the Goth the Roman, followed by the Moor, who, when the fates ruled it, was driven out by the Spaniard. It had its history and revolutions before this country had merged from semi-barbarism. The old cathedral, the first church in Spain, also the famous Alcáza, should be visited. It is currently believed that the Blessed Virgin really worshipped in this cathedral during her lifetime; alternately mosque and Christian temple, it is a beautiful building, astonishingly grand in proportion and scale, vigorous and pure in its 13th century Gothic.

I hope some day to be able to give further remembrances of Toledo and Cordoba; also beautiful Sevilla, with its famous tiles; Granada, with its glorious Alhambra; Barcelona, the real or business capital of Spain, with its sublime views

from Montserrat, and its teeming and industrious Catalan population. Amongst the old Spanish masters such names as Murillo, with his fine "St. Thomas of Villa Nueva distributing alms" (now in the Wallace collection), and his even better still "St. Francis," "La Concepcion," and his "Virgin de la Servilleta," the last being one of his most satisfactory portrayals of the Virgin; Velasquez,

known in Valencia and Cordoba, his native place, and yet, if he had not Murillo's facile and well-trained brush, he could hang works beside those of his giant fortune-favoured contemporary without in the least being dwarfed or over-shadowed. In "La Caridad," at Valencia, may be seen several grand specimens of this artist's work.



Head by Madrazo.

with his incomparably excellent portraits and wonderful power of assimilation; Zubaran, the Royal painter; Goya, and others, are known even to the uninitiated, but few are aware of the existence of many excellent works by other and practically unknown artists in many points equally as good, although not so generally acknowledged.

Valdés Leal is scarcely recognised by the Madrid Gallery, he is practically un-

known in Valencia and Cordoba, his native place, and yet, if he had not Murillo's facile and well-trained brush, he could hang works beside those of his giant fortune-favoured contemporary without in the least being dwarfed or over-shadowed. In "La Caridad," at Valencia, may be seen several grand specimens of this artist's work.

During the present century Spain may not have given us another Velasquez, and, at the present moment, I do not know among all her artists any one who will stand forth in the future with more than ordinary fame. We have had Fortuny, who executed great things, and promised even better, when the grim hand of death removed him. There is now Pradilla, the President of the Spanish Royal Academy; Raimundo Madrazo, with his wonderful living portraits and figure subjects; Sarolla, Legua, and others, whose works are recognised and acknowledged by the critics of the art world, and comparing more than favourably with the art of other countries.

The first prize at the Paris Exhibition this year has been awarded to the Spanish artist Sarolla, and I am credibly informed that several excellent pictures of Spanish artists will be sent to Burlington House for next year's exhibition, when the British public may judge for itself. Sr. Francisco Legua, now working in London, is an artist of immense power and great promise; his picture "El Prófujo," is undoubtedly a masterpiece.

of clever grouping and wonderfully accurate drawing, but his chief power lays in portraiture. The few portraits I have had the pleasure of seeing could, in the opinion of competent judges, hang beside the best works of our portrait artists. Francisco Legua is a devoted disciple of Velasquez, and works after the true Spanish school. The "Head" by Madrazo on the preceding page, is full of life, seeming to grow upon one, like all this clever artist's work. This picture was given by Madrazo to her Grace the

ing executed in Dr. Parada's well-known and inimitable style.

From the 14th to the early 17th century the half-Spanish, half-Moorish cabinets shown on pages 454 and 460 were made at Vargas, in the province of Toledo, for wealthy persons, churches and convents often being also adorned by them. They are very rich in detail, the finely wrought hammered ironwork showing great skill and patience. The velvet work underlying the ironwork was the staple industry of the Jews prior to their



*El Profugo.*

*From the painting by Francisco Legua.*

Countess Casa Valencia to be sold in aid of the fund raised at Downshire House a short time ago for the widows and orphans during the Hispano-American War, and it bears an inscription in the artist's handwriting to that effect.

"Charity," on page 455, is by the well-known Dr. Parada y Santin, and obtained the first prize at the exhibition at Lyons. The scene is an inn, or fonda, used by the very poorest class of people, who are being visited by ladies dispensing charity. The grouping is pathetic and vividly realistic, the whole work be-

unfortunate expulsion from Spain, which robbed the country of many of the best craftsmen and citizens. There are two drawings given, one with the fall-down flap showing the interior nest of drawers and secret recesses, whilst the other represents the same cabinet closed up. This exquisite piece of furniture dates back to the early 16th century, and is similar to the pair in the Kensington Museum.

Many other beautiful cabinets were made, but there is only space to describe the chair on page 458. These chairs were usually made in Spanish oak or walnut,

being covered with the famous Cordoba leather, secured by large bright steel or copper nails. They were mostly used in convents and monasteries, from whence they derived their name of Sillones Fraileros, or Friars' armchairs. Many designs may be seen in collections, all being very decorative and most comfortable. The iron rings or clamps at the sides were originally intended to be fastened to a chain secured to the floor of the cell or room.

Some exquisite Spanish tapestries are also to be met with in the museums abroad and also private collections. Some rare examples of tapestry needlework mounted on velvet are still found



A Tapestry Banner.

in the churches. The banner here shown is dated 1732, and represents the adoration of the Blessed Virgin. The colouring is bright but subdued, and the whole mounted on a background of choice antique black Spanish velvet is thrown into rich relief. The corners are adorned with gold tapestry, and altogether it is an exceptionally fine piece of work.

Spanish carvings of real merit are rarely seen in this country, a few notable pieces only being exhibited in our museums. During the 14th century in particular, the art of carving in ivory had risen to a very high state of perfection, and as may be supposed, was chiefly exhibited in crucifixes and other sacred objects. The crucifix on page 459 is pure



Cordoba Leather Chair.



Gothic, and whilst possessing that look of intense agony on the face which we ought to expect, it certainly does not repel in any sense of the word. At the base stands the Blessed Virgin, a very beautifully carved figure, chaste and pure in design, date early 17th century. The whole is mounted on real Spanish ebony ornamented with silver nails, the base representing Golgotha, or place of a skull.

Hispano moresque pottery, or *reflejo metálico*, as it is called in Spain, is the only kind of Spanish pottery generally known here. Some of the oldest pieces are very valuable, particularly if perfect, a single plate of good colour and design often realising two or three hundred guineas, but some very fine pieces may occasionally be purchased for a few pounds. This pottery gives a very brilliant lustre, and, hung upon the wall, would certainly deceive the uninitiated, who might easily suppose it to be copper. It is much sought after for decorative purposes, and the effect is decidedly brilliant and beautiful.

Zamora, Toledo, Talavera, and Alcora have all contributed their share to the pottery art of Spain. Some of the pieces to be seen in the new Museo in Madrid are extremely quaint and interesting. Talavera pottery generally has very effective designs in pale blue, some of the larger vases or amphoras being extremely fine; the old salt-cellars and egg-stands are

often very crude, with occasional splashes of yellow to give effect.

The pair of medallions or plaques shown on page 453 are very rare. They are not unlike our majolica, but much finer in design and finish, dating back to



Gothic Cross.

the time when the Conde de Aranda, Minister to Carlos III., was the great patron of Spanish art. The colouring is rich, and the representations on the face of these plaques might easily pass for copies of Murillo's pictures. Another

pair, not quite so fine, are included in the famous collection at the Louvre.

In passing along through Spain, I forgot, to my shame, the ancient town of Saragossa, or, as it is modernly spelled, Zaragoza, the ancient capital of Aragon, and the birthplace of that Catharine whose name figures so prominently in English history. Zaragoza is in one an ancient, a mediæval, and a modern town.

Here you may find those old Moorish palaces with long, weird corridors speaking of Sultanas of old, the phantasy of whose dark eyes has passed into a tradition amongst the Aragonese of to-day. Amongst the cities of Spain Zaragoza stands unique in the sense that it can boast two cathedrals, one, the Seo, whose artistic merit attracts architects and historians from all parts of the world, and the other, the more or less modern Byzantine Cathedral of the Pillar. For an English-

man, the old city of Zaragoza is perhaps the most homely in Spain. Here he will find long-faced, sharp-bearded, light-haired citizens, who in any part of the world would pass as Englishmen, but who are probably of northern descent, and in all essentials are as Spanish as the Spaniards; but although the Cathedral of the Pillar is shunned by the votaries of Gothic art, the artist pure and simple

will find inside many things worthy of attention. The carvings in the choir, for instance, depicting mostly scenes from the Old and New Testament, are considered by connoisseurs in the art to be amongst the best specimens of the kind in the world. The old cathedral of El Seo contains many capillas of much artistic merit, a tympanum which is considered unique of its kind, a clerestory

which has been copied in several modern English churches, and an altar screen which defies even the most expert of our handicraftsmen of to-day to copy. But for the man who wants to dive into the past and to see with his own eyes how our great - great - grandfathers worked, the best place to go is the Balearic Islands. If he is an artist and in pursuit of art, he will get up on a summer's day at three o'clock in the morning, pass along the nar-



16th Century Cabinet.

row, winding, picturesque streets, and at every turn meet the tinsmith, the brass-smith, and the forger of iron working away for dear life. In London, Spain is neither worthily nor fully represented, but the Spanish Fine Art Society, at 120, New Bond Street, to whom I am indebted for the accompanying illustrations, certainly possess the largest collection of Spanish pictures, etc., to be seen outside Spain.



BY  
LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

"WHO feeds fat oxen should himself be fat," says the proverb; and at first sight one might imagine that a certain connection should exist between the nature of a trade and its practitioners. But experience shows us that the contrary is often the case, and that the gentlest profession produces the sternest professors. The horse, in itself the most noble of animals, brings out every kind of vice in the men who are addicted to its worship. The culture of flowers produces the duller expressions on the faces of those who tend them, together with a slowness in conversation only to be found in people who spend their lives in waiting for something to come up. But of all baleful trades, the milliner's is the worst. Chiffon gives no softness to the character, satin does not help to smooth the brow. The influence of millinery is deteriorating to the character—it corrupts both those that buy and those that sell. She who buys a bonnet is equally out of temper as she who sells it—it is a bitter struggle in which both combatants retire more or less dishevelled.

It cannot be said, however, that they start fair. The milliner has much the advantage at the commencement. Mrs. Brown comes up from Brixton, she gets through a long day's shopping by the aid of an uninspiring lunch in an Aerated Bread Shop; she does not belong to a ladies' club, so she cannot do her hair afresh, and she has not washed her face since she left home; she is a little weary, let us say a little towzled, before she enters the milliner's doors after a lengthy

inspection of the windows. Two much-bepainted and hard-faced young women descend upon her with the celerity of a spider on the approach of a fly; she is placed on a chair near a mirror; her bonnet is taken off, and it vanishes in the twinkling of an eye. She gives a helpless glance round for it, but it is gone. No vanishing trick that was ever performed can equal the way in which a lady's bonnet disappears when she ventures into a milliner's shop. She is instantly placed *hors de combat*. She cannot go out into the street without her bonnet, and the milliner will take care not to find it until she has bought something else. Deprived of all means of retreat, she becomes an easy prey, and can enter accurately into the feelings of the mediæval Jew when the mediæval baron demanded his money or his teeth.

Mrs. Brown sits before the looking-glass, feeling tired and bedraggled, and heartily wishing she had not entered the shop. To her approaches a young woman dressed in the height of fashion, her golden hair arranged in the latest style, and a bright magenta bonnet on her head. The magenta suits nicely with the tone of the assistant's rouge, but seen near Mrs. Brown's pallid cheeks the effect is appalling. "Indeed it is most becoming to madam!" says the golden-haired one, appealing to another assistant in a black satin gown to agree with her. "Let me put it on again—you will see how charming it looks." And once more the magenta toque is placed on the shopwoman's head, and she smirks and

pirouettes before the glass, apparently well pleased with herself. The customer glances uneasily at the door, but the Sappho hat is presented at her as pitilessly as though it were a highwayman's revolver.

There is a legend in English show rooms to the effect that a bonnet cannot be sold "in the hand"—it must be seen on the head, and the non-success of the men-milliners has been usually assigned to their being unable to display their wares in this manner, but I should say that there could be no more tiresome

mediately rush at her, and insist on trying the bonnets on her own head instead; she waits until she is asked before tendering her advice, and never stares rudely at the customer. An unruffled state of mind is a great comfort to the client, and the affair is concluded without unnecessary friction. It is almost a pity this plan is not adopted in some of the London houses—the saving in tempers would be great.

Parlous as is the state of Mrs. Brown when she pays her visit to the brightly-lighted shop in Regent Street, her state

might be worse if she had ventured by accident into the dainty salon of a lady milliner in one of the side streets. She will find Meta or Maisie or Papillon surrounded by friends having afternoon tea, from whom the presiding genius will presently tear herself away with the air of a finely-dressed martyr. The room is furnished with old Chippendale, and boasts a dressing-table all over old silver, and



She is placed on a chair near a mirror.

*modus operandi* than the one at present employed, and nothing more vexatious than the dictum of the shopwoman that because a bonnet suits her it must necessarily suit her customer. The selling of bonnets is one of the many things which they manage better in France. At large shops like the Louvre or Bon Marché you will find a table covered with charming confections placed near a mirror, and it is open to any customer to remove her bonnet and try on a few of the models for herself. The attendant does not im-

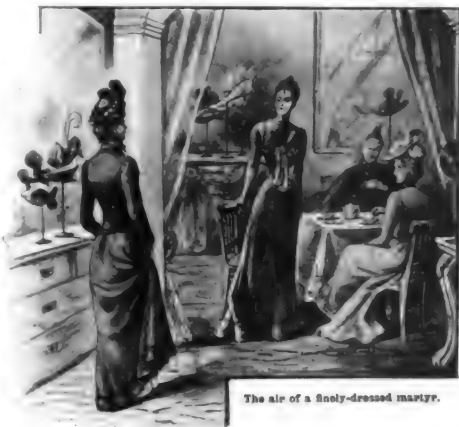
flounced with real lace—just a few home comforts, says the lady milliner, so that ladies may feel as if they were in their own houses. Boadicea in her chariot, Marie Antoinette pacing to the scaffold, Cleopatra in her barge—their deportment was as nothing compared with that of the lady milliner—her grandeur would be too much for a palace. She is as oppressive as the landlady who has seen better days, and equally inconsiderate for her customers' pockets. She has dyed auburn hair dressed in the

latest style, a wonderful toilette, wonderful make-up, and a manner beyond words aggressive. She is generally a Mrs. Somebody who has lost a little money, and has commenced operations by divorcing her husband. But she would like you to think that she is a peeress in disguise, and that it is rather a favour to you if you buy from her, or write her up, or do her any service whatever.

Her manners are vile! Ordinary tradespeople have been taught to show respect to their customers, but she who is on an equality cannot help trying to show that she is superior. She thinks it is so fine and heroic of her to be there at all that the ordinary rules of business have no hold on her. She often has beautiful models, but they are all designed to suit herself, and the poor lady from the suburbs feels again that she has no chance of getting anything that will do to wear at church next Sunday.

The milliner is certainly a trying person, affected and overbearing, and apt to take offence; still, such a bad temper as hers cannot have been a natural possession—it must have been developed gradually through a series of "aggravations." Poor Mrs. Brown is a meek person, who would scarcely turn if trodden on, but all customers are not like her. Most of them enter a bonnet shop with a stern and forbidding countenance, a determination not to be done, and an exaggerated idea of how they ought to look in a new bonnet. A lady milliner once told

the writer that she thought vanity was at the root of this behaviour—a woman formed such a wonderful ideal of what a new bonnet would do for her—she thought it ought to turn her into a Venus. I remember once paying a visit to Madame Cerise's in company with a woman I had known all my life, and had never seen in anything but the sweetest of tempers. She was a model wife, a tender mother, a considerate mistress—she had all the traditional virtues of a tombstone! She sat down before the



The air of a finely-dressed martyr.

glass in that milliner's shop, and behaved like a perfect virago. She put on bonnet after bonnet, and tore them off her head, and threw them on one side without even pausing to see how she looked in them. The beautiful confections might have been hot coals, judging by the celerity with which they were dispatched. The first bonnet was right—it always is, as a matter of fact, for the long experience of the milliner enables her to tell at a glance what her customer can wear—but she would not believe it

until at least seventeen models had been treated to the happy dispatch. She displayed a temper during the process of buying that bonnet of which friends who had known her from childhood would not have believed her capable. Perhaps we should not judge her too harshly. A new bonnet is a very serious matter to a woman, and one step leads her from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is like love—all in all or a miserable failure. Is it daring, and smart, and charmingly becoming, or does it make

me look a perfect fool? These are the two questions which present themselves to the mind of a woman as she gazes at herself in the looking-glass with the latest Paris model on her head. Her bonnet is everything to her—she must stand or fall by it, so to speak. If it does not suit her she may lose her character for good looks, and nip an eligible proposal in the bud. Her temper may be ruffled, but she has much at stake. Let us think of her as gently as we can.

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### WARNED.

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Lo, the clouds close around thee,  
 Though shining the sun ;  
 And the phantoms have found thee,  
 Yet thou seest none :  
 Lest Geni may doom thee,  
 Beware, oh, beware !  
 For fear they entomb thee,  
 Breathe Mahomet's prayer.

Sultana, the danger  
 Thou dream'st not is near,  
 E'en thy bird restrains her  
 Sad song, hushed by fear :  
 Thy roses are scattered,  
 No wind laid them low ;  
 Thy lute it lies shattered,  
 Yet none gave the blow.

The cypress in sorrow  
 Casts shade o'er thy head,  
 And in fear of the morrow  
 Thy vines have blush'd red.  
 Thy pets and thy playthings  
 Know danger is nigh ;  
 So by signs they betray things  
 Unseen by the eye.

These omens all ask us  
 To fly while we may :  
 By the Mosque of Damascus,  
 They meet me ere day.  
 And may merciful Allah  
 Guide our steeds to the main ;  
 And the dark-eyed Abdallah  
 Shall seek thee in vain.



Warned.

*From a painting by James Clark.*



BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

It was raining hard in a bend of the Bonaparte Creek, and when Hoghollow Bill had seen to his horses, he was glad to get under shelter of the waggon. He built his fire pretty close up to the wheel, and soon had bacon hissing in a greasy black pan. He threw in a blacker dollop of beans, cooked now for the tenth time, and when the coffee boiled his dinner was ready.

"I wonder old Blaker hasn't turned up somewhere along the road," he said to himself as he did his "chewing." "Or for once is he going to let me get my money at the town? Darned if I don't paint her red if he does."

But Blaker, who owned the waggon and team, and ten more like them, did not come in sight when the day made up its mind to go in the quick way it sometimes has among mountains. The fire flared more brightly of a sudden, though the rain hissed among its outlying embers and splashed Hoghollow Bill where he sat smoking. He drew in a long, ragged, booted leg, and contemplated the dripping world with calm disfavour. But when he turned to his mixed grub and tool box and extracted a bottle, the earth seemed easier to endure: he even hummed his one lugubrious tune and presently added words to it:

"Oh, I'm a jolly teamster on the Salt Lake City  
Line  
And I can whip the son of a gun that yokes a  
steer of mine;  
You'd better turn him out, boys: you bet your  
life I'll try,  
And score him with an ox-bow: it's root hog or  
die."

He gargled his throat with the rye whisky, and was greatly cheered. Putting on his slicker or oil coat he went out and looked at his steaming horses tied to the tail of the waggon. He gave them more feed, slapped them affectionately, and retreated to his shelter with the pile of blankets, horse-rugs and sacks, which on wet nights and cold made his bed. It was very little past eight when he turned in damply and drifted into sleep. And just when he was utterly reconciled to the nature of things, being made one with the dreamless dark, he was called back to life.

"Bill!" said a rather high-pitched voice. But the teamster only dreamed; he did not wake.

"Rouse up, you galoot out of Missouri!" cried Blaker, leaning from his saddle. And Bill stirred.

"Eh, what?" he said sulkily. "Well, who is it?"

"It's me, Blaker," replied his employer. "Rouse out. I've come to camp with you."

Bill thrust his shock head out of the rugs.

"You have, have you? But I'm not glad in any ways to see you, Blaker. Can't you go home, and leave me in peace?"

But Blaker laughed and tumbled off his horse, which being an entire, and masterful, thrust one of Bill's leaders away from his grub, and took it himself.

"I've come to pay you your month's money, Bill. Now, isn't that good hearing?"





"Rouse up, you galeot out of Missouri!"

"Oh, get," said Bill most discourteously, "I don't want it. I'll take it in town. The last time I took it on the road, who got it before morning? How'll I ever go back to Hoghollow in old Mizoura, this way?"

But he crawled out and got into his slicker. He put more wood on the fire.

"You'll scorch the paint off my wheel, Bill," said Blaker.

"Much paint *you* ever put on it," replied Bill sulkily, "you might spend a few dollars of my money to fix her up a bit."

"We'll talk of it," said Blaker. "Tie up the horse, old son. I'll crawl under. Oh, how's this for solid comfort?"

Bill came out of the rain in a minute or two, and the men lighted their pipes.

"You got up all right?" asked Blaker. Bill nodded.

"But I can't take mor'n eighty hundred next time, and I won't."

Blaker smiled and wrinkled a weathered parchment skin.

"We'll see about it, Bill. But there's your money. Count it, all in silver dollars. Oh, fifty silver dollars for an easy job like this! And now sign the receipt."

The lank Missourian shook his head,

and signed laboriously with stiffened fingers.

"And now, as it's early, Bill, would you like a game of poker?"

"No," shouted Bill, "I wouldn't."

"What! not a game of poker, and you such a keen old hand at it?"

Bill growled sulkily.

"Look here, Blaker, you know you're the best gambler that's not a professional betwixt the Summit and the

sea. And I'm not proposin' to work for nothin', not for you nor any other man. So that's straight."

Blaker puffed at his pipe.

"I played with Hank, and he won three months' wages off me."

"Eh, what!" cried Bill. "Hank done that?"

"I'm giving you no taffy, Bill. He scooped me fair. A hundred and fifty he got. In two hands. I'd a full hand, tens and queens, and he held low fours and trusted them. And next time I kept three aces and filled with kings and he drew three, having a king and the joker, and he made it a flush. And he played good with his face, it being night too, and dark as it is now, and he landed ninety dollars that time.

As he told the story he pulled out a pack of cards and showed the hands.

"Dern my skin, I'd never have thought it of Hank," said Bill pensively. "I've played him scores of times, and he never was what I called a player, and with plenty of light I could jest read him. He's narvous, and with a good hand he'll sweat."

Blaker shuffled away at the cards.

"Aye, that's so, but it was dark. And just this last few days I've been

rather sick. So he did me up fair."

"I'd never have that luck with you," said Bill doubtfully.

"Oh, you would," cried Blaker. "But you're scared because I scooped you once or twice."

"I'm not," said Bill.

And Blaker laughed a little scornful snigger.

"Oh, well, I'm not keen on gambling, Bill. But I can't sleep early, and the firelight's good. I'll play you for beans."

He dealt two hands as he spoke. Bill picked his up and looked at it.

"No, I'll play just a few hands for a ten cent ante and a dollar limit," said Bill. "And I'll take two."

As Blaker had given him three knaves on purpose he thought it good enough. And it was good for ten dollars. For Blaker meant it to be, and held nothing. But when Bill had begun he could not stop. They let the fire out, and gambled by the dim light of the lantern. The fortune varied greatly. Once Bill caught Blaker, and raked in over fifty at one swoop.

"I told you," said Blaker, looking rather chop-fallen.

But when the dawn came out of a clear sky Bill was down to his last five dollars. And by the time it was possible to see the pips on the cards by daylight he was dead broke.

"It's the last time, Blaker, this is," said Bill sternly. "Now you mark me, don't you ever ask me again, for if you do there'll be a rough and tumble. You're all right to work for as far as treatment goes, and I've no complaints to make, nary one. But we don't get our money with this card scheme of yours. And it can be played once too often."

But Blaker smiled and said nothing till after breakfast.

"You'll be down by four this afternoon, Bill?"

"Um!" said Bill. "If I could meet someone who'd buy your team and waggon on the road, you'd never set eyes on me again. But if I don't, I'll be there!"

So Blaker rode off home chuckling. It was a good scheme, he said to himself.

He could pay off ten men with one fifty dollars, and then get the fifty back. It was a clear saving of five hundred dollars a month. And that was six thousand a year.

Bill met Hank within two miles of Cache Creek, and the man of Hoghollow pulled his light waggon out of the way for the loaded one. Then both stopped, and the teamsters squatted on a log and exchanged the news. Bill was grumpy, and to his surprise Hank seemed very much down in the mouth.

"You're looking sick, Hank. Have you been on the jamboree?"

Hank snorted.

"Now I'm putting it to you, Bill; what show does a man who works for Blaker have to get on the jamboree?"

Bill stared.

"But the old swine dropped it heavily with you, didn't he?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Hank savagely.

"He told me that you'd won a hundred and fifty dollars from him"—

Hank jumped up swearing.

"And so I did. But did he tell you I lost it and fifty more?"

Bill's jaw dropped.

"No, old son, he didn't. But he drew me on again to play with him by tellin' me how you'd skinned him. And he cleaned me out to the last quarter."

"Well—I'm damned!" said Hank, shaking his head solemnly.

And no one spoke for five minutes.

"This is a little too thick, all this, Bill. They're laughin' at us all through from the Rockies down to Cook's Ferry. They say Blaker is the only man who gets chaps to work for nothing. And most of us are in debt for our hash. We'll have to stop it somehow. We must put up a scheme on him, and get our money back."

"And get our money back, eh?" said Bill dreamily. "If I could get what I'd have but for poker, I'd go home to Hoghollow. But what's your notion?"

Hank pondered.

"I dunno, but up the creek I'll talk with Gilroy, and you speak to the chaps down below. Haven't ten of us enough brains to make up a scheme? If we

haven't then we ought to call ourselves Chinamen. Why, we are Chinamen, and worse. Would a Chinese work for nothing?"

He started his waggon, and pulled for the north. But Hoghollow Bill had little faith in any process for extracting gold out of Blaker. The boss was likely to prove a very refractory ore. So Bill hummed his song—

"The times in Bitter Creek, boys, never could  
be beat,  
For 'Root Hog or Die' was on every wagon  
sheet—"

and reckoned, like the rest of the world, to be very wise next time.

He met Mrs. Blaker on the outskirts of the township, and saluted her gravely.

"Good-day, ma'am."

"Good-day, Mr. Bricker."

She was sandy and rather harsh, for many years of hard struggle had been hers before Blaker had possessed teams of his own. But she abhorred gambling.

"You've been playing poker again with Blaker," she said rather severely.

Bill nodded.

"That's so, ma'am. But it wasn't my fault. And as you may guess I made nothin'. We never do," he added sombrely.

"Then why don't you refuse to play, Mr. Bricker?" asked the woman.

Bill scratched his head and considered.

"I don't rightly know, ma'am."

"It's because you're a fool," said Mrs. Blaker tartly. "And you encourage Blaker."

"What me?" cried Bill.

"Great Scott, ma'am, now ask any man in British Columbia if Blaker wants encouragement to play."

She knew that was true, but her fear was that some day her husband would run up against a man who would skin him and reduce them both to poverty.

"If one of you *could* play at all," she cried contemptuously, "he'd not be

so keen on it. But you're all greenhorns, every one of you."

She tossed her head and departed.

"Ah!" said Bill, "if one of us *could* play! I wish I had old Hicks here from Hoghollow. He'd make a holy show of Blaker. Make him sicker'n a dog."

He slept in Blaker's stable on the baled hay, and with him were Reed and Thompson, two other teamsters.



"If one of you *could* play at all!" she cried contemptuously.

"Me and Hank's reckonin' on gettin' up some kind of a scheme to get our money back out of Blaker," said Bill as he was preparing his bed.

Thompson snorted.

"An' what scheme?"

"We're schemin' of it out, Thompson," said Bill mildly.

"It's my tum-tum as no scheme of

yours or Hank's will work on Blaker," said Thompson, "and that's a fact."

"And why not, tilicum?"

"Oh, becos!" said Thompson.

And Bill knew that Thompson had a poor opinion of his intellect. But before morning he had a very bright idea, and could hardly refrain from speaking about it.

"Gilroy is the man to put this through," he said as he washed in a bucket. "Gilroy has a real head, even if he don't trot in the same poker class with Blaker."

So when he met Gilroy the second stage up the Bonaparte he hailed him joyfully.

"Did Hank and you hatch out any kind of a scheme?"

"Why, no," said Gilroy, who was a typical Georgian, lithe, hard, dark, and thin, with rather long hair. "Hank was too full to speak."

"Then I've got *the* plan," said Bill.

"What, you?" cried Gilroy, who knew his partner's range. "You?"

"Yes, me!" said Bill with an injured air, "but if you don't want to hear it, say so."

"I never said I didn't want to hear it, Hoghollow," replied the Georgian; "keep your bristles down, and let's have it."

"It was reely Blaker's old woman that put it in my head," began Bill, "for she hates cards, and her notion is that one of these days Blaker will run agin a snag."

"He will," said Gilroy.

And Bill outlined his scheme to a hearer who gradually became interested.

"And we've always hinted that you were little better than a fool, Bill," he cried admiringly.

"No, hev you?" asked Bill, much pleased.

"We have so," said Gilroy. "But I don't see no weak spot in the scheme. By the great Horn Spoon, you're a daisy. I'll do it. I'll do it. You leave it to me. And don't you go and give it away."

"What, not to Hank?" asked Bill, who wanted more admiration.

"Espesial not to him," said Gilroy earnestly. "He'd blow it all about the

country. And if Blaker smells out any scheme he'll be as shy as a hunted cariboo. But I'll set it on foot, when I get down. Bully for you! B'gosh, you're no fool after all. What could we hev been thinkin' of?"

Bill perked himself up.

"Ay, what? Ah, it's always the way if a man's quiet. He don't get no credit. But, so-long!"

About three weeks afterwards, when Bill, Hank, Thompson, and Gilroy chanced to be in town together, Gilroy came to Bill with a mysterious air.

"It's fixed up!"

"You don't say so!"

But Gilroy nodded.

"And now I'm workin' for Blaker to give me the bounce. Him and me had words this mornin' about puttin' ninety hundred on my waggon."

In the morning the desired event came off, for Gilroy went swaggering round doing nothing.

"You'll be late pullin' out, Gilroy," said Blaker at last.

Might jest as well stay here as stall on the first rise," cried Gilroy. "Lemme unload ten hundred."

"Put the horses to or quit," replied Blaker.

"I'll take my money," said Gilroy, grinning. "Or, if you like it better, I'll take a note to say I owe you nothin' over our last game."

And in half an hour the waggon pulled out with a stranger as teamster. For Blaker hired the man nearest to him, and a smart looking man he was. Gilroy got a temporary job as stableman to Blaker's rival, and put his tongue in his cheek.

"It worked like a charm," said Gilroy. "I'd not sell out for less than five hundred dollars."

But he had to wait a month yet.

The new man's name was Easton, and he was soon a favourite with the other teamsters. They warned him of Blaker's poker-playing propensities.

"Oh, don't you trouble about me," said Easton, "I'm not much of a gambler. My notion is to make money, and I've noticed cards don't pan out as an investment. And when a man's worked hard and saved a few thousand dollars, why

should he risk it on a chancy game?"

That went through to Blaker.

"So he's got a few thousands, has he?" said Blaker with his eyes shining. "All right, my son."

But it was curious, to say the least, that a man who cared so little about gambling as Easton should always carry several packs with him. And whenever he camped alone or with Bill he practised shuffling and dealing.

"See here, Bill," he said one night when they were camped by the Bonaparte, "it all lies in different things accordin' to whether you're playin' square or not. In a square game it's the eye and knowledge, but to make money, the square game don't count over much. A man don't have very much of a pull even if he's a gambler. But when you kin deal and shuffle pretty much as you choose, then the skill lies in not doin' it too frequent on your own side. And if I get old Blaker in at it blind, and you're there, you'll see me stack the cards advantageous for him every now and again.

Nothin' fetches a man on more than lettin' him win heavy."

He played a game for imaginary amounts with Bill, and showed a marvelous command over the cards.

"I wonder a man like you'd come up here," said Bill.

"It was gettin' a trifle sultry in Idaho when I left," replied Easton. "So, havin' always had a notion to see this country, I was rather glad to get Gilroy's letter. See!"

"You bet!" said Bill. "And to-morrow's the first o' the month. We'll strike Blaker in the evening, a sure thing."

"You play him first," suggested Easton, "I'll hang back till he's greedy. And if Hank or Thompson or Reed happen along, we might get a four-handed game, and bimeby him and me'll be left in it alone. But don't you give me away by lookin' joyful or too expectant. For the old man's had experience, and he ain't no fool."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day when Blaker came riding along on his old sotrel pony.



In less than an hour Reed was cleaned out.

"You'd better camp down, boys," he said. "Hank and Thompson are just round the bend."

"We could easy do a bit more," answered Bill. "We've no more than sixty hundred on."

"Oh, here'll do," said Blaker, who was greedy for a game.

So they took the horses out and got some supper ready by the time the two other teamsters came in sight.

It was a beautiful warm evening, and though the sun was down behind the western range, there were many hours of daylight still. Birds sang in the bush, grey squirrels ran, and chipmunks chattered by the singing creek; the smoke of the fire climbed into azure: the world was happy and at peace. Even old Blaker felt it.

"Ain't it jest peaceful and ca'm?" he said. "I think we'll have a real good spell of teaming weather now. How's the new road above here?"

"Better," said the men, "it saves a lot; cuts the worst pitch out."

"Ah! that was a bad place," said Blaker; "it wanted a darned good four of a kind to come out there."

"It did so," assented the teamsters.

"I brought your money along," said Blaker presently when the pipes were going. "And here it is."

He paid them, and Hank suggested a game.

"Oh, hell!" said Bill, "do you put cards into his mind? Then I'll sit out."

"We could make a four without ye, Hoghollow."

"Thanks, I'm not keen, Mr. Blaker," said Easton.

"Oh, just a deal or two," pressed Blaker.

"Are you in, Thompson?"

"Might as well be."

And the three played without Blaker making anything. And presently Easton began looking on.

"I'll take a hand, if you like," he said half timidly.

In less than four hands Bill chipped in too, and the game grew more exciting. For Blaker had brought a bottle along.

In less than an hour Reed was cleaned out, and retired sulkily.

"I'll advance you next month's money, Reed."

But Reed declined profanely.

Then Bill, having pinned his faith to a small full hand, went under ignominiously. But he did not sulk, and stayed watching.

By this time it was dark, and the game was played by fire, lamp, and a half-moon. Thompson, who had made three hundred dollars, dropped them to Easton.

"Now it's you and me," said Blaker.

"Don't you think we've had enough?" asked Easton. "I ain't much of a hand at keepin' on for ever."

"No; go it, Easton," said Reed. "I'd like to see you do or be done."

"Stick to him," cried Bill. "I'd give two months' money to see you cleaned, Blaker."

"Devil doubt you," said Blaker, as he dealt the cards. "Pass the bottle round."

But Easton took little drink, and noticed that the boss took less. And now Blaker began to crawl into Easton's winnings. For if he lost once he won twice. Easton appeared excited and angry.

"Let's make it a dollar ante and twenty dollars limit," he said furiously.

Blaker agreed, and Bill, who was highly delighted, retired into the bush to have a laugh and hug himself with joy.

"Oh! he's run agin a real snag now," he said.

And certainly by midnight Easton was a thousand dollars in hand. He drank a little more, and seemed half drunk.

"I'll play you for all I'm worth," he cried.

"What's that?" asked Blaker with a sneer.

"I've six thousand," said Easton. "I'll show you the Bank receipts."

He planked them down on the horse rug which served for a card table, and Blaker inspected them.

"Deal," he cried. And the moon crept into the west, and Thompson retired to his blankets. Reed and Bill stayed till the dawn came to find the gamblers dealing yet. And Easton was two thousand dollars down, over a hand of four kings.



"Own up you cheated, you old rip!"

"You have luck," he said staring at Blaker.

"I hev," cried Blaker; "let's have no limit, if you're game."

"If I'm game," snorted Easton scornfully, and he stacked the cards well that time, giving himself four kings and Blaker four queens.

The boss played it for no more than a hundred dollars, and when Easton raised he saw him.

Easton grew black as thunder when Blaker took the cards, and Bill began to look anxious.

"Ain't Blaker got ter'ble luck?" he murmured in Easton's ear.

And when Easton looked at his cards he found he held four knaves.

He drew one card, and so did Blaker. Easton showed his cards to Bill.

"He'll have four queens," he whispered.

And when there was no more than twenty dollars staked Easton paid to see him.

"Four queens, by gosh!" said Bill.

But he didn't yet understand.

Then Easton dealt a hand squarely, and lost ten dollars over a single pair. But now Blaker chuckled, and took a big drink. He dealt, and when Easton saw the cards and found them three kings and the joker, Bill saw him stiffen all over. The next minute he snatched Blaker's five cards out of his fingers, and thrust them into Reed's hand without looking at them.

"If he don't have four aces, I'll lick his boots," he yelled, as Blaker jumped for him. But Easton was the younger and more powerful man. He twisted Blaker over and held him by the wrists.

"Four aces to be sure!" said Reed aghast, and he held them up. "What's it mean?"

"Lemme go!" said Blaker, who in the early dawn was the colour of clay.

"It means," said Easton, "that if I'm a professional gambler, the boss here is just as good. He's cheated you men! And he's cheated me!"

"By gosh," said Bill, gasping, "he's—oh, Lord! lemme at him!"

With one sweep of his big arm he sent Easton into space, and with a yell grabbed Blaker by the throat.

Thompson came out of his blankets at the sound.

"Mind his gun, if he's got one," screamed Easton, picking himself up.

"Let him pull it," roared Bill, "and I'll shove it down his throat. Own up you cheated, you old rip! Say you done so"—

But the others pulled him off before Blaker died, and while they were bringing him to, they found cards up his sleeve and in his pockets.

"Do you own to it?" asked Easton, when the boss sat up at last, and when Blaker saw the four furious faces he took water.

"It's fours now against the joker, old man," said Easton with a grin. "Do you throw up?"

Blaker nodded sulkily.

"And you'll pay us our money from the beginning?" asked Bill, flourish-

ing a neck yoke belonging to his waggon.

"I will!" cried Blaker, almost crying. "Keep him off, Easton!"

But Bill calmed down wonderfully.

"To-morrow I'm off to Hoghollow," he said joyfully as Easton gathered up all his own money, and took possession temporarily of that belonging to the others.

When they got down to the creek Blaker paid up.

"Who put you on to this?" he asked Easton with a groan.

"It was my cousin, Gilroy, sent for me," replied Easton. "But it was Hoghollow Bill's notion."

"Curse him!" cried Blaker. "Oh! what a time I'll have with Mrs. Blaker!"

And outside he heard Bill singing:—

"Oh, prairie dogs and dog towns are scattered here and there;

And buffalo bones are lyin' everywhere.

With now and then a dead ox, that died of alkali:

They are very thick in places, for it's 'root hog or die.'



"Should said acquaintance be forgot?"





Badge of London Polo Club.

## THE STORY OF POLO.

BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

### 9TH ROYAL LANCERS.

Captain Clayton.  
 Captain Grissell.  
 Captain Palairét.  
 Lieutenant P. Green.  
 Lieutenant R. Moore.  
 Lieutenant F. Herbert.  
 Lieutenant Lord W. Beresford.  
 Lieutenant W. F. Fife.

IN 1871 fashionable London was given a new excitement in the announcement of "a new game called 'Hockey on Horseback,'" and went, if not *en masse*, at all events in representative numbers, to Hounslow, where a match was announced between the officers of the 10th Prince of Wales's Hussars, from Hounslow Barracks, and the officers of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, who had come from Aldershot.

The game took place on Hounslow Heath, and the chroniclers of the period laid themselves out on the various details, from which we may gather that the sticks used were in form like those used for hockey, crooked at the end, and made of ash. The distance between the goals was, roughly, about 200 yards.

The Hussars were distinguished by blue and yellow jerseys, and the Lancers played in shirts of blue and red. Both teams wore caps with different coloured tassels attached.

This, as being the first match publicly played in England of the game which soon afterwards was called polo, deserves to have the names of the respective teams enumerated:

### 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS.

Captain Barthorp.  
 Captain Bulkeley.  
 Captain St. Quinton.  
 Captain Okeden.  
 Lieutenant Viscount Valentia.  
 Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien.  
 Lieutenant John J. L. Woods.  
 Lieutenant E. Hartopp.

In an account of this game which was published at the time, it is said to have been "more remarkable for the strength of the language used by the players than for anything else." This, however, may have been an exaggeration born of the fear that some of the occupants of the "brilliant throng of equipages" might chance to hear some remark a trifle too "strong" for drawing-room use. He was, however, a daring reporter who ventured to criticise the points of a game then but imperfectly understood by the players themselves.

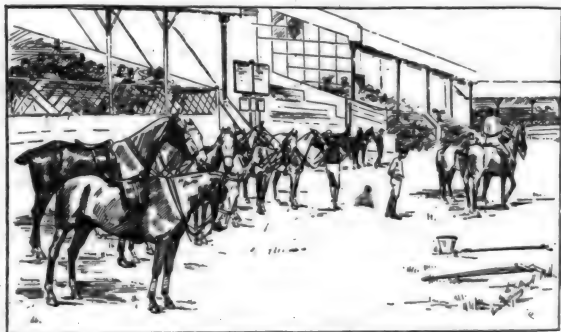
A few of the improvements in the game, which are the fruits of experience, may be noted here. At this time, and for some years afterwards, games were commenced by each side starting from behind their goal-line, helter-skelter, across the field for the ball. In the earlier days, when swiftness was not so much looked for in the ponies—as "dribbling" was considered the great quality in a player—the results of the inevitable collisions were frequently amusing—sometimes ludicrously so. As, however, play got faster, these rushes became extremely dangerous, and were discontinued in favour of placing the ball under crossed sticks. This, in turn, fell into disfavour, and the present practice of throwing the ball between the teams lined up on either side in the centre of the field was adopted.

The ponies generally used were a mixed lot, from 13 to 14 hands, and it

was not until 1806 that the question as to the correct height—which had grown to be a vexed one—was settled, and the limit was raised from 14 hands to 14 hands 2 inches. At the historic game of "Hockey on Horseback" played at Hounslow, the teams were mounted on wiry little ponies about 12½ hands high. The balls, too, have gone through their stages of evolution. At first bone balls were used, and then tennis and india-rubber balls. It was not long, however, before the superior utility of the wooden balls was generally recognised. The number of players on each side has also

in the first match, on his retirement from the Army in 1872. The example fired the provinces to emulation, and several other provincial clubs were started, but it was not until 1880 that the game assumed its present importance. From this year it became so popular that it soon spread to the Colonies, and in 1886 it assumed international importance, for an English team went to New York to contest the honours against a representative American team, the prize being a handsome challenge cup.

The event is so important in the annals of polo, that it will serve a useful



Waiting their turn.

varied. At first the teams were eight a side; then the number was reduced to five, and then to four—the present rule.

Polo, which is undoubtedly a "rich man's game," did not spread rapidly. Indeed, it was confined almost exclusively to some of the cavalry regiments, and excited little or no public interest.

To the Royal Horse Guards belongs the distinction of having started, at Lillie Bridge, the first real polo club. This club flourished for some years, but, on the establishment of Hurlingham, it collapsed.

The first provincial polo club in England, the Monmouthshire, was founded by Captain F. Herbert, one of the players

purpose to record the respective teams, which were as follows:

#### HURLINGHAM.

Hon. R. Lawley (7th Hussars).  
 Captain T. Hone (7th Hussars).  
 Captain Malcolm Little (9th Lancers).  
 Mr. John Watson (captain).  
 Captain the Hon. C. Lambton (umpire).

#### AMERICA.

Mr. R. Belmont.  
 Mr. R. Keen.  
 Mr. W. K. Thorn.  
 Mr. J. Hitchcocks (captain).  
 Mr. E. Winthrope (umpire).



A few ponies of the London Polo Club.

The English team scored an easy victory, and brought back the challenge cup, which has been a Hurlingham trophy ever since.

There is a very prevalent notion that polo was a pastime picked up by English officers in India from the natives. This is quite a misconception, as it was practically unknown to any of the native races, with the exception of the Manipuris, a hardy race inhabiting the country spreading from the Punjab on the west to Manipur in the east. It was really the English officers who gave the game its

present vitality in India, and, strangely enough, in doing so, they were but re-introducing to that country a game which had been popular with the natives in every region almost from time immemorial, but which had been allowed to fall into such utter desuetude that it had become practically extinct since the decline of the Mogul power, except in the border provinces, where it was preserved by the Manipuris. It is to them and the neighbouring frontier tribes that we owe the preservation of the game. It is certainly a curious fact that polo, which had



A practice game.

once been so popular over the whole of India, was re-introduced by our native frontier forces when it had practically vanished from that country, and had become quite extinct throughout Southern India.

The fact that polo was for so long a native Indian game has led to researches being made as to its antiquity, with the result that it has been clearly ascertained that it was popular 600 B.C. In the British Museum may be seen a drawing



A side view of ground.



View from open stand.

illustrating a game of *changan* and a game of polo to-day is in the players, as the fair sex have not, as yet, added polo to the list of their successful invasions. There are many other drawings of games of *changan* dating from about the same period preserved in the British Museum, which lovers of polo will examine with interest. The very earliest reliable records that have been discovered speak of the game having been played by the Persian kings of the

game of polo—or *changan*, as it was called for many centuries—being played by ladies about the time of Akbar. The ladies are richly dressed, and are riding astride. They seem to be perfectly at home with the play, and the whole details are so similar to present day polo, that the bandages or coverings to the horses' legs are practically the same as those in use at the present time. Indeed, the principal difference between this

game of polo to-day is in the players, as the fair sex have not, as yet, added polo to the list of their successful invasions.

There are many other drawings of games of *changan* dating from about the same period preserved in the British Museum, which lovers of polo will examine with interest.

The very earliest reliable records that have been discovered speak of the game having been



One of the covered pavilions.

Indian period, and all presumptive proof leaves it clear that it spread from Persia to the East, and that the Tartars learnt it direct from the Persians.

Hurlingham is recognised as the leading polo authority in the world, and anyone desiring to study the game technically cannot do better than to study the Hurlingham rules and traditions. The date at which this article appears is, however, a sufficient reason why, in dealing with

polo, special attention should be paid to the latest of Hurlingham's first-class offsprings, the London Polo Club, as this is the only club of first rank which continues its play during August and September and offers hospitality to players on whom Hurlingham and Ranelagh have shut their

gates. Other unique features of the London Polo Club also render it deserving the thanks of all lovers of the game.

Its headquarters are at the Crystal Palace, and the directors of that establishment assume all responsibility in connection with the club, a fact which accounts for the magnificent style in which all the arrangements are carried out. A proof of the thoroughness of these is the establishment of perfectly-appointed stables and a complete stud of well-made

polo ponies, which players may hire by the day, week, month, or season. This is an immense boon to players who do not desire to have the trouble and risk of keeping ponies of their own, and it is also exceptionally handy for players temporarily without their ponies. At the present time these two features of the London Polo Club—the extension of play till the end of September, and the maintenance of a stud—have been of exceptional convenience to military players

returning from the Cape who had disposed of their own ponies before going to the front, and who have found Hurlingham and Ranelagh closed. Playing members of the London Polo Club are also offered exceptional advantages for joining the sumptuously furnished Crystal Palace Club, and the London



Major Herbert, Manager of the London Polo Club.

County Cricket Club; while it is no small privilege to be able to invite ladies to a polo match in the afternoon, and complete the day's pleasure with that latest society function, a "Fireworks" dinner in the new Crystal Palace Dining Rooms.

Polo is a game which can only be indulged in by persons of leisure and affluence, and as practised at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, it is also an exclusive game which the general public may

hear of but may not witness. To the Crystal Palace directorate the public owe the only opportunity of being able to witness first-class matches, as the stands in which thousands of persons gather on the occasion of the final tie in the football season are always available for the public to witness the games and matches of the London Polo Club.

This effort to popularise the game in England has met with the cordial appreciation of polo players and the public, and although no crowd has yet been attracted to witness a polo match equal to those drawn by football or cricket, yet the attendance of the public—bearing in mind that the club was only started last year—was promising from the outset, and has been noticeably increasing, while a still more encouraging portent of future popularity is the interest evinced in the game and the appreciation of its various points, which proves the growth of that expert knowledge without which a crowd, in witnessing any sport, is bound



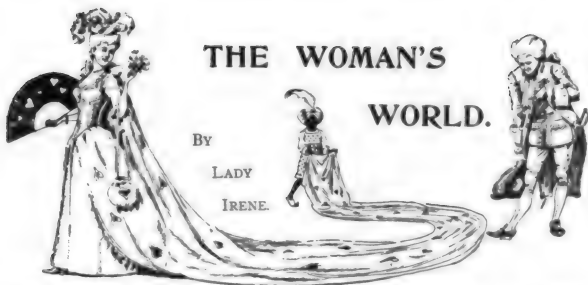
View of ground from Club Pavilion.

to be more or less listless and apathetic.

The manager of the London Polo Club is Major Herbert, who as Lieut. F. Herbert I have mentioned earlier in this article as one of the team of the 9th Lancers in that match played at Hounslow Heath in 1871, which was practically the inauguration of polo in England. He is rightly regarded as one of the best polo players and experts in the country, and the Crystal Palace directors, in securing his services as manager of the London Polo Club, practically ensured its success.



Throwing in the ball.



# THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

BY  
LADY  
IRENE.

DIEPPE, Ostend, Pontresina, and some half dozen other fashionable resorts have I duly visited this autumn. And well

qualified am I to pass the strictest examination on fashions that are and fashions that are to be. But before

commencing my chronicle of chiffons, I must for a moment turn aside for the extremely grateful task of praising myself! A month ago I predicted that the gown of the near future would be the tweed decorated with fancy strappings of faced cloth. And true and well-founded were my prognostications. Go where I would, French watering-place or Swiss mountain, not once did I meet a woman of sufficient self-respect to dress herself, and not merely be clothed, whose wardrobe did not boast at least one dress of this description. Another pleasant fact taught me by my autumn travels is that the English tailor is the tailor *par excellence*. The Viennese tailor runs him fairly close—yet he is but a good second. Our Parisian sisters are fully aware of this fact, and after a short intimacy (of perhaps being locked up together in a railway compartment for ten or twelve hours) will tell you with a little gleam of triumph that the tailor frock, so admirable in its neat trimness, was made in London. Of course, Paris has its Redfern, but for the tailor costume pure and simple, in my opinion—and



A smart Dinner Blouse.

this was echoed and re-echoed by all the *femmes élégantes* with whom I discussed this all-important topic—it is far out-rivalled by our Bond Street Redfern.

An establishment of great vogue this past season has been Charles Lee's, 98 and 100, Wigmore Street. Mr. Lee has a world-wide reputation for lingerie and hosiery of every description. I believe I am correct in saying that every daughter of the Queen has patronised him, and not a few of her grand-daughters, including the present Empress of Russia, Princess Victoria, Princess Carl of Denmark, in fact, I could string a whole list of "royalties" and dames of high degree, all justly renowned for their neatness and completeness in the art of dress, who patronise Mr. Lee.

My sketches come from his establishment. The first is an extremely smart theatre or dinner blouse and can be arranged so as to claim kinship with many skirts, for to-day there must exist an harmonious intimacy between blouse and skirt—such is Fashion's dictum.

The present model is of *écru* guipure over a pale blue silk lining. The revers are of chiffon decorated at the edge with a group of five narrow tucks overlapping one another. The vest also is of chiffon, held in place by three straps of blue panne glorified by the daintiest of enamel buckles, and the swathed belt of panne completes a most useful and fascinating blouse.

A costume that cannot fail to please, while displaying to best advantage the charms of its much-to-be-envied possessor, is my second sketch. It is composed of black faced cloth, with strappings of white glacé silk

triumphing in many rows of white stitching. The vest worn under the bolero is of white silk, and strikes a novel note by being corded; a very pleasant change from the ubiquitous tuck. This style admits of infinite variety. One just ordered by a newly-wed bride, whose wedding some five or six weeks ago gave rise to columns of gossip and tittle-tattle. I was permitted by the courtesy of Mr. Lee to see. It was composed of pale heliotrope



A most desirable Costume.

tweed, or more correctly, trousering—just the same as our male kind so often adorn. The strappings and vest were of heliotrope glacé silk. It was a re-



markably chic and elegant costume—a costume alas! that will make many women break their tenth commandment. That it will be copied and imitated goes without saying. I only pray for one slight mercy, that none but a master hand be permitted to test its skill—and then imitation will be a virtue! One last production of Mr. Lee's would I commend to your notice. The

"Leewig" is an ideal petticoat. The upper part is made of spun silk and fits like the proverbial glove. The voluminous frills are made in any shade, and by a skilful contrivance are easily detachable, so that one upper part may

be made to do duty for many gowns. I cannot claim for this petticoat the quality of cheapness, and yet it is sufficiently moderate in cost having regard to the excellent workmanship and the silks employed.

When the dainty green leaves of spring change their colours for yellows and russets and reds, women—aye, and men too—with that unconscious sympathy that marks our affinity with inanimate as well as animate nature—suffer some increase of decay. Never an autumn comes but, more or less, we all complain of how our hair "falls out." And here it may not be out of season to observe how badly we treat the hair. We tie it up, and twist it, maybe, into beautiful lines, but deprive it ruthlessly of the fresh air and sunlight it so sadly needs. To maintain the hair in good condition, better than all the drugs of the pharmacopœia is to allow it to flow freely and loosely in the air and



An Ideal Petticoat.

sunlight for an hour a day; and for twenty minutes out of this time its circulation should be stimulated by brushing it softly and evenly; being careful always to take the brush from the forehead downwards, following its normal growth. But in these days of hurry and rush there are many unable to make such a sacrifice of time. To them I would recommend

the following prescription of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson. It is an excellent tonic: Spirits of harts-horn, one ounce; chloroform, one ounce; sweet almond oil, one ounce; spirits of rosemary, five ounces. To be well rubbed into the roots night

and morning in severe cases, and two or three times a week in milder cases.

And now let me further earn your gratitude by this recipe for Cream alla Napolitana. Make a ring sponge cake, about the size that can be bought for ninepence. Cut it into slices a quarter of an inch thick, replacing slice to slice. Mix two tablespoonsful of orange water with one of brandy, and lightly soak each slice. Beat to a froth the whites of three eggs, and whip in sufficient raspberry jam to make it the consistency of thick cream. Spread the separate slices with the raspberry cream so that they adhere to one another, and place upright in the dish in which the sweet is to be served. With the remainder of the cream mask liberally the outside of the cake. Whip up stiffly half a pint of fresh cream, add a tiny pinch of salt, castor sugar to taste, three ounces of crushed ratafias, and a few drops of brandy. Pile pyramid fashion in the centre of the ring.



"Really?"



A Lovely Country House.

Now is the season for country house visits, and it is curious to see what different reputations various houses possess. There are houses where everyone is happy, and others that people dread to stay in. A very delightful house to visit is Duncombe House, which belongs to the Dowager Lady Feversham—the kindest of hostesses and the most picturesque personality. Lady Feversham is particularly devoted to young girls, and she is a great admirer of beauty. She has a most artistic appearance; she dresses always in black—cloth in the morning, velvet at night, and made in a special style. Out-of-doors she wears a large Empire bonnet with a long veil thrown back at one side as one sees it in old fashion plates. The house is very beautiful. The hall is red, and the drawing-room is green—the scheme of colour being most carefully carried out. Nothing is admitted into the drawing-room which is not green, white, or gold, even the books on the book shelves being bound in the prevailing hues. It is wonderful that the house is as lovely as it is, for it has been burnt three times, and many valuable

## OUR CAUSERIE.

pictures and much beautiful furniture have vanished never to be replaced.

Strathfieldsaye was noted for being a delightful house to visit before the death of the late Duke threw a shadow over it. It was a kind of Liberty Hall, where you chose your own friends and went the way you liked. You might wander for hours in the beautiful grounds without meeting a soul. You came down when you liked, and breakfast went on practically all the morning, and you said what you would take, and read your letters in comfortable silence. You might stay in that house year after year, and never once hear any conversation at breakfast. The Duchess used not to appear till lunch, and towards the end of the meal, she used to ask her guests whether they would like to drive in the afternoon, and would give the necessary orders at once. Dinner was a delightful meal, the chef being a celebrated one, and the conversation used to be charming. The table would be covered with hothouse flowers, sometimes arranged in garlands supported by old Chelsea figures. Lady Tweeddale is also a charming hostess, and when she is entertaining a house-party the evenings are always very gay. Sometimes it is cards, sometimes it is consequences, sometimes an impromptu dance. There are always plenty of young people staying in the house. Nearly all the society beauties have stayed at Lady Tweeddale's, and she has had every possible celebrity staying with her—even Li Hung Chang!

Mr. Aird's.

Another very pleasant house to stay in is Mr. John Aird's, and young people particularly love it. All kinds of pretty attentions are offered to the guests, and the young men always find a beautiful buttonhole on the dressing-table when they are going to dress for dinner. All kinds of little devices are resorted to to make a change in the order in which the guests sit at dinner. Sometimes the men draw lots for the ladies, sometimes there is a piece of paper pinned to the *boutonnière* on the dressing-table to tell the owner whom he is to escort. Cricket parties are generally a feature of these visits, for there are generally enough Cambridge men staying at the house to make up a team. Mr. Aird generally rents some charming place in the country, such as Highcliff Castle, where the Prince of Wales stayed the other day with the Cavendish-Bentincks. Mr. Aird's house in town is quite a show-place for its pictures, and they are charmingly disposed about the rooms. They are not all hung in one gallery, but put about the house wherever they look best. A good many are in what is called the French room, where the antique furniture suits Mr. Orchardson's "Madame Recamier" to perfection. A very well-known picture of Jan van Beers, called "The Smile," is also in this room. The most celebrated picture owned by Mr. Aird is Sir Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus."

Sir  
Edward Sassoon.

Delightful house parties are always to be found at Sir Edward Sassoon's, and here one also meets many celebrities and all the society beauties. Sir Edward is, like Mr. Balfour, a keen golfer, and he is often to be seen on the links at Hythe, when he is staying in his country house at Folkestone. Sir Edward speaks French fluently, and is as well known in Paris as in London. He married one of the French Rothschilds, a lady who is both handsome and accomplished. Lady Sassoon paints extremely well, and has shown pictures at the Woman's Exhibition and the Pastel So-

ciety. She is also an excellent musician, and loves to read from sight. Sir Edward is devoted to his work in the House, and does not mind any amount of study when he is getting up some special subject. Once when he was going to speak, he gave a dinner at the House to forty people so as to have a quorum ready made.

The Youngest  
Looking Member.

Mr. Gerald Loder is the youngest looking Member of the House. He is very fair, and clean shaved, and looks absolutely boyish. He is always beautifully dressed, and is the very perfection of neatness.

Sir  
Henry Haworth.

The most interesting person to be met on the Terrace is Sir Henry Haworth. He has always something pleasant to say, and some amusing story to tell. The last time I saw him, he was telling an Eastern fable which he had come across in some ancient book. "Two frogs once fell into a bowl of milk. One was a pessimist, the other an optimist. The pessimist gave up hope at once, threw up his arms and went to the bottom and was drowned. But the optimist frog went swimming round and round with the greatest energy, till presently he found himself seated on a pat of butter." One of the party remarked that this story would be an infallible test for the possession of a sense of humour. If a person has a sense of humour he will laugh at once at the climax, but it will take a stupid person several minutes before he exclaims, "He churned it!"

Buttonholes.

Buttonholes have been very little worn this season, and such a thing was hardly ever to be seen at the opera. Almost the only place where they were worn was in the House, Members of Parliament seeming to be particularly partial to flowers. Set buttonholes were not very much worn, but a man would wear a single rosebud, or a couple of carnations, looking as though they had been just plucked from the garden. An

attempt was made at the end of the season to introduce a new kind of frock coat with single-breasted fronts. The Prince wore one at the garden party, but we shall not know till next summer whether the mode will take, as it is not to be a winter fashion. When we look at the pictures of the Georgian times, we cannot help regretting the days when a picturesque coat was possible.

master, a valet, a celebrated chef, and a coloured servant. Comfort is necessary in the long journeys taken by the great pianist, in fact, they could not be accomplished without it. The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Paderewski on tour, accompanied by his staff, including Mr. Chime, the celebrated chef, who travelled all through the States with Lord Randolph Churchill.



**Paderewski and his Staff on Tour.**

1. Mr. Hugo Görlitz, Director of the Tour.    2. Mr. Emil Fischer, the Piano Tuner.
3. Paderewski.    4. Mr. Görlitz's Secretary.    5. The Valet.
6. The Baggage Master.    7. The Head Porter.    8. The Chef.    9. The Waiter.

*(Reproduced by permission of Mr. Hugo Görlitz.)*

**Paderewski on Tour.**

Paderewski travels in great style when he is on tour, accompanied by a staff of eight persons, including Mr. Hugo Görlitz, the director of the tour; Mr. Emil Fischer, who looks after the pianos, and sees that they are in good tune; Mr. Görlitz's secretary, a baggage

**Paderewski's Mascotte.**

Paderewski is a great believer in luck. He thinks his manager (Mr. Görlitz) is a mascotte to him, and he has good reason for thinking so, as his good fortune dates from the first journey they took together. He always insists on Mr. Görlitz bringing a certain little

leather bag with him, which accompanied him on his first tour some seven years since. It is an ordinary leather hand-bag, useful for gathering up the little things which have been left out after the packing is over, and it is so worn and shabby that Mr. Görlitz is not over partial to carrying it. But Paderewski thinks it is a mascotte, and he won't stir a step without it. The bag goes to every concert, and accompanies every journey. Some time since, burglars broke into Mr. Görlitz's house in his absence, and stole a quantity of plate and jewellery, and a number of valuable souvenirs which had been presented to Mrs. Görlitz (Madame Amy Sherwin) during her tour round the world. Mr. Görlitz hastened to inform his chief of his disaster, but he only said: "Did they take the bag?" The thieves had only taken silver and jewels. They had not grasped the true inwardness of the bag!

H.H. the Maharaja

**The Gaekwar.** Gaekwar of Baroda was a very familiar figure to

us all during the season. One used often to see him driving in the Park in the afternoon with the Maharanee, or dining at some fashionable restaurant with his suite. The Gaekwar is quite European in his tastes, and was especially interested in English art. He paid a visit to Mr. Herbert Lyndon's studio before he left town, and seemed greatly pleased with some drawings of India made by the artist during his tour in 1898. He was charmed with some pictures of Oodeypore and Delhi, and also with some sketches Mr. Lyndon made in Central India when he was tiger shooting. Mr. Lyndon has a wonderful eye for colour, and always brings back some exquisite sketches when he has been travelling in Egypt or India. The pictures are absolutely faithful, for Mr. Lyndon is a painter who never forces an effect. Mr. Lyndon is very popular with a large circle of friends, who speak of him as "the only Herbert."

**John Strange Winter.**

Mrs. Stannard has settled down in London again, retaining her Dieppe house chiefly for holiday use.

She has rejoined the Writers' Club, and has been made the Chairwoman of the Council of the Women Journalists' Society. No one can see much of Mrs. Stannard without being impressed by her immense industry. She has written fifty books under her pseudonym of "John Strange Winter," and she wrote forty novels as "Violet White" before she was famous. One of these latter, "A Broken Promise," has lately been republished, so the public will have an opportunity of comparing her earlier work with her later. A new army novel by J. S. W. will be issued this month, and she has finished a three-act comedy, and is at present at work on a drama. Mrs. Stannard sits down to her work at a regular hour every morning, and goes on for hours. When she works, she works enormously hard. When she rests, she rests thoroughly. In this she is like her heroine in "A Name to Conjure With," in whom she accounts it as a virtue that when she was not actually occupied she had the rare quality of being able to sit perfectly still.

**The Gaiety Goddess.**

Miss Nellie Farren is never to be seen without a bangle with three coins suspended from it, these coins having been given to her as a *porte-bonheur* by a valued old friend during her tour in Australia. The first coin was an Australian sixpence, which he presented to her the moment she put her foot on shore. "Is this my salary?" asked Miss Farren in the funny "street-boy" voice which had made her the idol of London. "No; it is not," said her friend laughing, "only I wanted to give you your first Australian coin." She looked at the coin, and found it was engraved with the following inscription, "Nellie's first Australian coin, from Grattan Riggs," followed by the date "9, 6, 88." A little garland of silver shamrocks was soldered to the top, by which the coin could be suspended from a bangle. The next coin her friend gave her was a farthing and I really think it is the prettiest coin I ever saw. A tiny silver playing card was inlaid on the copper background—the ace of hearts—the card in silver, the

heart itself in gold. The idea was decidedly pretty, and the combination of the three metals had the most artistic effect. This coin was engraved with the words, "Little Nellie, Shamrock, Bog-oak," the four words arranged so as to form a square. Next came another lucky sixpence, also suspended by its delicate spray of shamrocks, and on it was engraved, "A parting gift from G. R. three years later." This was Miss Farren's souvenir at the end of her successful Australian tour. The giver was a devoted friend of Miss Farren's, and he had great faith in the tour, having large shares in it. He was an Irishman by birth, and though he had settled in Australia, he was very devoted to his mother country, choosing the shamrock and bog-oak for his emblems.

Miss Farren.

Miss Farren is a devoted play-goer, and when she is in London (if her health allows her) she likes to go to the theatre three times a week. She is an excellent auditor—she never speaks when she is at the theatre, and could not endure it if anyone did so in her company. She gives the whole of her attention to the performers, and thinks it most trying if she happens to sit near any of those fearful play-goers who like to tell one another the plot. Miss Farren considers that magnetism is the great secret of success on the stage—to make the audience feel as if you were amongst them, and not far off on a platform. When she acted herself she used to try to feel as if she were amongst her audience, and not away from them. She considers that Sir Henry Irving has this gift to a remarkable degree. Miss Farren is delightful company, and though she is a sad sufferer from antritis, her spirits are most remarkable. Miss Farren is discretion itself in all she says, but her face is so transparent one can always tell what she thinks.

A Difficulty.

Miss Farren's abundant hair used to be a great trouble to her in her theatrical days, when it was difficult to stow it all away under the boyish wig.

An outsider would naturally suggest, "Why did you wear a wig when you had so much hair?" and Miss Farren would reply emphatically, "Impossible to be smart if you wore your own hair. It might look well for five minutes when you first went on the stage, but it would all get untidy after that." She used to do it all up in two great plaits and bring it to the front, and pin it round like a coronet, and this made a good foundation for the wig. When she was going to play Jack Sheppard, her distress was extreme, for the wig had to be made like a close-cropped head—such a trying thing to get one's own hair underneath. She was quite in despair. "Now I am going to have a big head," she kept saying. But Mr. Fox showed her how to dispose of her own hair by plaiting it in a great number of small fine plaits, and this helped to reduce its bulk.

Lord Russell of Killowen.

The late Lord Chief Justice was a man of exceedingly passionate temperament, and when he was at the Bar, the strong emotion he was able to conjure up in addressing a judge and jury, led many persons to believe him a consummate actor. But as he spoke he felt. On one occasion he was defending in a famous libel action, along with the late Sir Frank Lockwood. Pointing to a person in Court, he enquired if the man were the plaintiff. On being answered in the affirmative, he muttered, with feeling: "Thank God for that! I hate him! I can always cross-examine a man I hate!"

Much worthy verse is  
"The Outcast." but poor poetry; much  
sweet poetry is sorry  
verse. What an envied gift is the  
ability to combine good rhyme and easy-  
flowing metre with tales of passion that  
ring true! For, however good the  
theme:

... most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or  
wrong.

So that many a strong romancer, essaying to be a poet, fails in attaining the literary ear, merely for lack of the gentle

art of versifying. The Baroness de Ber-touch, however, is perfect mistress of her method, and tells a tale that is worth telling in a style that is eminently scholarly. "The Outcast" (Chapman and Hall) should do much to achieve a new vogue for this old style of narra-tion, indeed the authoress whets the ap-petite for more of the same elegant and thrilling fashion. That "The Outcast" can hold an audience was evidenced at St. James's Hall not long since, when it was recited by Mr. Oscar Berry, who knows well how to speak such a piece.

**Grasping the Shadow.**

I feel sure that most of those whose means of livelihood is not east-ward of St. Paul's, and that very many of those who seek the City daily, know little of its great centres of activity. The Royal Exchange is known to every-one—the building opposite the Bank of England, with some frescoes inside. But how many know the Stock, the Wool, or the Corn Exchanges; Lloyds, or the Baltic? I must not go so far as to say that the Royal Exchange is merely living on its reputation, but, surely, to know the Royal Exchange, and not the Stock Exchange, is nowa-days to grasp the shadow and lose the substance. The Royal Exchange was a roomy cradle to that gigantic London commerce which now has need of a Great Bed of Ware.

**Rivals in the Public Eye.**

Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, Capel Court, the general public knows, imply a something in business as defi-nite as the burden of Pump Court to the Law, Fleet Street or Bond Street to Journalism and Fashion. In all, famili-arity has bred contempt, and the mys-teries of power which lie behind each—the Law, the Great World, the Press, Wealth—are so seldom unveiled in full majesty, that the very priesthood is in danger of forgetting their existence.

**The Public Hears.** But the ritual of wealth as it is observed in the Stock Exchange is so secluded from the public eye that men

conceive of it but indistinctly, I fancy. The outside public hears at varying in-tervals of great rises or heavy falls; of people being in Wall Street, or Queer Street; of Bulls and Bears who play ducks and drakes with their own or other folks' money; of booms and slumps; of certain Berthas, Claras, Coras—myste-rious females; of Haddock that seem odd sort of fish. They feel sure that these flippant names conceal a deeper mystery, that Wags mean nothing funny.

**The Public is Staggered.**

They may have friends connected with the In-stitution who talk shop in a hurricane of integers and fractions, more particularly fractions. They may hear of somebody who has made some-thing by buying something, and they feel they would like to buy something too. With this object they visit a broker, and are staggered by the celerity with which they become possessed of the pet security and all its upward and down-ward possibilities, its further calls, its occasional dividends, and not infrequent reconstructions. But, in all this, do they see even the outside of the Stock Ex-change? Probably not. The elector may catch an occasional glimpse of his Parliament House, but the investor can see only the husk of his Stock Exchange. It remains to him, if he thinks of it at all, a mysterious temple of the "Goddess of Getting-On."

**The Husk.**

Even the husk does not attract him. If he starts on a cruise from Thread-needle Street round the triangle of buildings in which the Stock Exchange is entombed, the frontage on Broad Street of red granite pilasters, with two doors in and out of which people are constantly hurrying, strikes him rather as the back of something. He feels no anxiety to join the little throng that lines the kerbstone. If he lingers for an in-stant to peer into the darkened doorway at the uniformed official in his stall with-in, he is unexpectedly moved on by the policeman on duty. If he is overbold, and, eluding the custodian, penetrates to the "House" itself, he goes through an



experience which combines the charms both of an ovation and a chucking-out—but that is another story. If he wanders down Throgmorton Street to view an Italian front he may have heard of, he is jostled by a crowd of what are, from his point of view, nondescripts: messenger boys, outside brokers, newsmen selling financial and evening papers, vendors of fruit and penny curiosities. In Shorter's Court he is in the same unfamiliar throng, and sees nothing but two small doorways, over each deeply cut the words "Stock Exchange;" and makes what haste he can to the corner of Bartholomew Lane.

**Sweetness and  
Light.**

Here he breathes more freely, the opening of Lothbury on his right, that of Bartholomew Lane on his left, the lowness of the buildings of the Bank letting in bright light and fresh air on the massive line of both.

**An Enterprising  
American.**

There was a citizen of the United States once, who, having seen all he wanted to on the Continent of Europe in the compressed Baedeker manner of his countrymen, "stopped off" in London, intending "to do" it in three days. He found the allowance insufficient. He was interested in his peculiar way. To him the Abbey was "kind of curious and old, but dark with all that coloured glass." He would have removed it and put a fine, handsome building in its place. He would have adorned St. Paul's with a full set of "handsome" pews. But what chiefly surprised him was that the Bank of England, by which he hoped to be impressed if by anything in our City, was hardly a two-storey building. He yearned to clear it away and to plant on the site a ten-storey skyscraper, which, he was good enough to say, would "make it pay." What a calamity such a change would be is little realised. The low elevation of the Bank affords one of the few opportunities of realising what the City of London might appear were it given a chance to spread itself.

**Our Tight Little  
Island.**

Red tape, vested interests, and great corporations alone succeed in spreading themselves in this tight little island; men, things, and time packed so closely that movement is all but impossible. Even the journalist, who might course the American prairies at will, feels here the social bearing rein that compels him to prance in paces. Even money, rich as we are, grows tight at times. But red tape spreads itself, a confining web, over all, with vested interests strengthening every join. Hardly once in a decade, some large new fly buzzes through the mesh, only to be eventually entangled and form another element of strength. The public suffers while it pays, and therefore it is the public fault. If the public would only take off its coat to all abuses, something might be done.

**District  
Messengers.**

Still, a vested interest is not always in the wrong, and a public department can sometimes do a public service, if not often, on its own initiative. The Post Office threatens the District Messenger Company with extinction. The Company, of course, poses as a martyr, and as the sole friend of the public, but there can be little doubt that the Post Office organisation could, if it would, greatly improve the messenger service.

**An Airy  
Gentleman.**

A personage who, from his immense energy, figuratively always has his coat off, is Mr. S. E. Kennedy, the recently-appointed manager of the Stock Exchange. He has been engaged in a duel with the construction of the "House" on the subject of ventilation, and has emerged with flying colours, having pinked his antagonist in a dozen or fifteen places with as many ventilating shafts. He may be expected to make other arrangements hum, as well as the twenty new electric fans he has introduced. It is true that the air has been hitherto purer than that of the Metropolitan Railway, for instance. Neverthe-

less, it was capable of improvement, and must have had a tendency to shorten the lives of members, who therefore should put this fact forward in taking out policies of insurance.

#### A New Peril.

While on the subject of life insurance, there is another matter worthy the serious consideration of those who delay to take out life policies—a serious danger which, unsuspected, flaunts impudently in the sight of day. In some undertakers' windows may be seen the announcement: "Pinking done here;" sometimes, still more audacious, "*Pinking for the trade.*"

#### The Pale King up to Date.

Seriously, the crude commercialism the undertaking trade has assumed of late years, especially in poorer districts, its glaring signboards, its empty plate-glass windows, where the children of the poor congregate in awed or ribald contemplation of the coffin-making within, its ostentatious exercise of hearse and horses when unemployed—all are sickening to any refined mind. The Stock Exchange has hitherto declined to make a "market" in shares of any defunct undertaking;" but ere long the undertaking of the defunct will claim its share of consideration, and the limited liabilities of funeral furnishers their market. At last will come, no doubt, a great Undertaking Combine, prudently overcapitalised, with the promotion expenses as cleverly concealed as the true profits of the past seven years.

#### Faugh!

It is a repulsive subject, and perhaps I do not do well to stir up its offensiveness; but so the world wags, and we must take it as it comes.

#### Musical Moments.

The "House" has its jokes, and indulges in them at idle moments,

*en famille*, as it were, and from pure good humour. Some of them even tend to become traditional. To the victims is allotted an empty floor space, encircled by a massed ring which bars escape. The musical joke is much in favour, and at times quite impressive, as when, with lighted lucifers, solemn chants about nothing in particular are sung to Members believed to be of high church proclivity. "The Geisha's" "Chin, chin, Chinaman," is trolled to the man of slightly Japanese cast; "Get your hair cut," or "There is no parting there," to him whose poll is hirsutely destitute. Among the latest is that played off upon one who, in an evil hour, had loosened his boot while at lunch to ease a painful foot, an adaptation of a still remembered popular ditty, given in every variety of crescendo, diminuendo, innuendo, and accelerandissimo, in the form of "When you want to go to lunch, take your boots off, boots off!"

#### No Hope.

It is calculated that for Europe to exterminate the Chinese nation at the rate of 2,000 per day would require 100 years; but your practical joker, like the worst of weeds, is ineradicable.

#### Dull Times.

Business has for some time been very dull in most branches, owing to political uncertainty and other causes. This is a general condition likely to continue for a month or two. Towards the end of November, however, when the holidays are over, the China crisis is mitigated, as we hope it may be, the Transvaal tranquillised, and the American Republican nominee elected to the Presidency, then, but not till then, and provided always that a French Army Corps has not landed on these shores, we may expect to see a rush of business. Home Railways will droop and droop; but Consols have possibilities for a rise in them.